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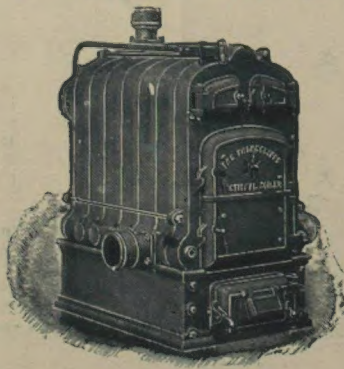
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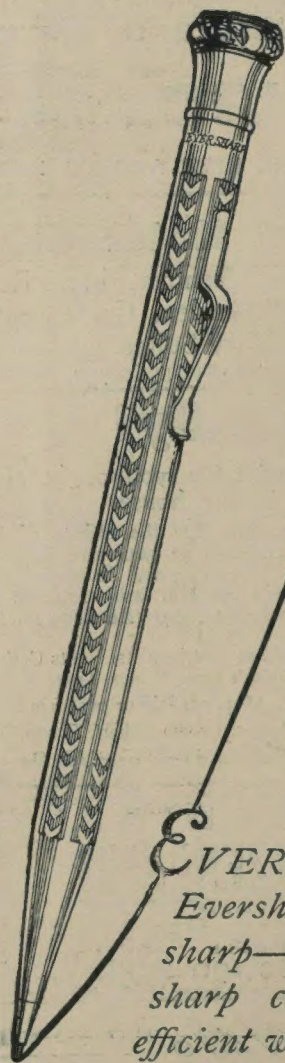
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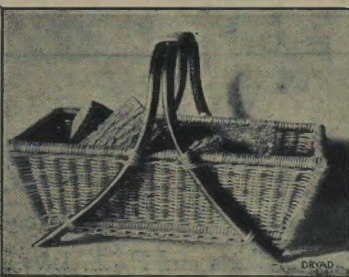
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Field's FLEUR-DE-LYS Vanishing Cream

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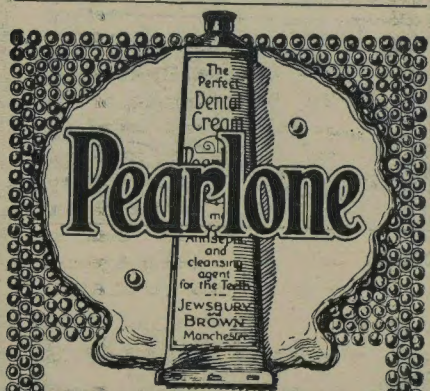
Field's Fleur-de-Lys Face Powder. A daintily perfumed, finely-sifted powder that adheres readily and effectively softens and protects the skin. In Naturelle, Blanche and Rachel.

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Daintily perfumed with Attar of Roses.

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Fairy Cakes
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Golden Puff
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Marie
Milk
Nice
Osborne
Oswego
Pat-a-Cake (Regd.)
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Wine (Mixed)

Go to your usual supplier and purchase at least 1 lb. of any one or any number of the biscuits made by Peek Frean & Co., Ltd., and of which a short list appears opposite.

Then write a description, not exceeding 20 words, of each of the Biscuits you select, using phrases suitable for newspaper advertisements.

Send this description, attached to a Dealer's Bill showing the purchase of the Biscuit described, addressed to the Advertisement Manager, Peek Frean & Co., Ltd., London, S.E. 16, to reach them not later than 30th of November.

The Directors of Peek Frean & Co., Ltd., will decide which is the best description sent in, and will despatch a cheque for £500 to the successful Competitor. £5 each will be sent to the writers of the next best hundred descriptions.

The names of successful Competitors will be published in the London and Provincial newspapers on Wednesday, Dec. 8th.

Any number of descriptions may be sent, but each separate description must be accompanied by a Dealer's Bill proving the purchase of at least 1 lb. of the Biscuit described.

No one Competitor may take more than one prize.

In all questions arising in connection with this Competition, the decision of the Directors of Peek Frean & Co., Ltd., shall be final.

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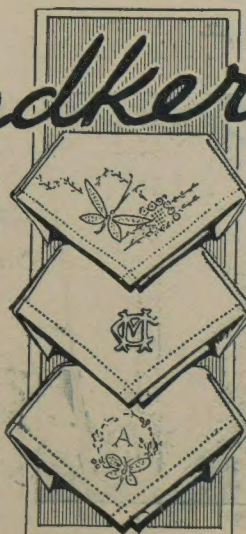
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are always welcomed, no matter who the recipient may be, especially if their usefulness is enhanced by the beauty and long-wearing qualities associated with those produced by the famous linen manufacturers ROBINSON & CLEAVER.

Handkerchiefs make useful and acceptable Christmas Gifts.

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HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA,	1837.
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1733-1767	WILLIAM HEDGES, or WOOTON, Oxon. Married KATHERINE KILLINGWORTH (of the same, Spinster) 27th Decr 1739. GREAT-GRAND-DAUGHTER of EDMUND HARRIS.
1735-1767	WILLIAM KILLINGWORTH, Nephew of EDMUND HARRIS.
1767-1808	KILLINGWORTH HEDGES, Nephew of WILLIAM KILLINGWORTH.
1798-1872	WILLIAM HEDGES, Son of KILLINGWORTH HEDGES.
1835-1844	WILLIAM KILLINGWORTH HEDGES, Son of WILLIAM HEDGES.
1844-1882	JAMES BUTLER, Son in Law of WILLIAM HEDGES.
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"Empress Port" 96/- 45/-

as supplied to the
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		Per doz.	Per Gal.
1 Crown Port	A Tawny, dry Wine	72/-	33/-
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Vintages 1887, 1896, 1900, 1904, 1908

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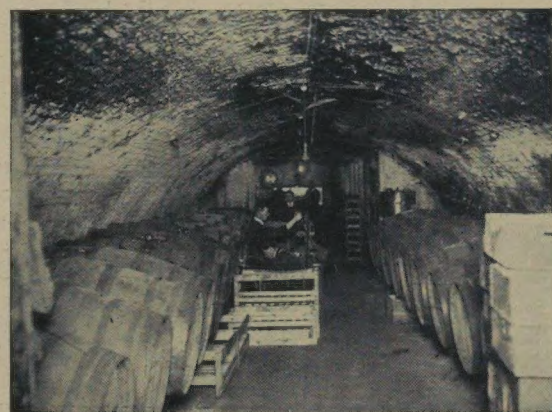
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SHERRY AND PORT VAULTS.



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BOTTLING WHISKY.

Views of Hedges & Butler's Wine Cellars

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 4277.—VOL. CLVII.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1920.

TWO SHILLINGS.

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FOLLOWING THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR TO HIS LAST REST: THE KING,
WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE DUKE OF YORK.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PHOTOPRESS.

"A SOLDIER KNOWN UNTO GOD."

By SIR PHILIP GIBBS, K.B.E.

THE bringing of the Unknown Warrior from his grave in Flanders to the heart of London, where his coming was awaited by the King and his Princes, Generals and Admirals, Archbishop and Bishops, Ministers of State, and a multitude of men and women, was the tribute of the nation's soul, and of all great and humble people made equal in reverence, to the virtue of the Common Man who won the war. It was an acknowledgment before God that in the awful struggle which ended two years ago on Nov. 11, at the same hour as this soldier's halt on the way to his last resting-place in the Abbey, it was a man such as this—one of the great company of comrades, without fame, of humble rank, unknown in death—whose courage, and patience, and long suffering, and obedience to the hard discipline of that war (which was none of his making and none of his choice) saved his country in its greatest time of peril, and those who lived at the price of his death, so that he was the Hero of that tragic epic in our history.

For the first time, I think, in the world's history, it was the common man, the nobody, the plain fellow of the crowd, who was exalted above the leaders, the mighty, the great captains, the famous persons. He, plain Dick, or Tom, or Harry, any one of all those lads who answered the call of the country, who left their little homes with a careless word or two (hiding unspoken thoughts) and then became one of a mass—in the same colour of clothes, drilled to the same lesson, shaped to the same purpose, marched off at last to the same chance of death—was the chief victim of war's sacrifice, the supreme figure in that ordeal by fire, the nation's heroic type.

The commanders of our Armies must have had that thought as they stood in Whitehall facing the gun carriage on which the dust of the unknown soldier lay in its coffin under the old flag. Because of their memories of those years of war in France and Flanders, they must have had the vision again of this lad in life, with all those battalions of his comrades, plodding along the old familiar roads—the Albert-Bapaume Road, the Menin Road, the Arras-St. Pol Road—as month after month, year after year, they marched under their heavy packs, sweating under their steel helmets, whistling, or singing, or silent, battalion after battalion of new drafts, to fill up the gaps, to hold the line, to go over the top at zero hour when another battle was ordered. Our Generals knew then, as sometimes they told me, that whatever strategy they had, whatever gift of generalship in the provision of supplies, the disposition of guns, the intelligence of enemy power, the mechanism of offensive or defensive warfare, the result of battle would depend utterly at last upon the individual courage, obedience, and discipline of soul in fearful hours, of those young men whose movements they directed. Now, in Whitehall,

two years after the Cease Fire of all their guns, these Generals stood behind the King, at the salute, before the body of that unknown man, chosen by fate to represent the great armies of our dead. They did homage to the knighthood of the Common Man.

I passed among the crowds on their way to Whitehall. There were many women among them, mostly in black, not worn to-day for ceremony, but always since a day when a boy of theirs "went West"—as he used to say of those who passed that way before him. Some of them had been waiting all night outside the barriers in Whitehall. They could not bear the thought, I guess, that their boy should be coming down that street and they not be there to greet him. They carried little bunches of chrysanthemums, drooping after being clasped so tightly through the night, and they were mostly silent, with a tired look, but a kind of eagerness in their eyes. They

in this war!" . . . "What about liberty, and the war to end war, and the rights of small nations?" . . . "What's the good of this peace?" . . .

Somehow I do not think such thoughts as those were in Whitehall before the coming of the Unknown Warrior. I think rather that all these men who wore a kind of mask without expression were thinking back to old days in Flanders and the fields of the Somme, to old things they have never told, even to each other, and to old pals who stayed behind there, and perhaps were lucky after all in staying there. They were here to meet one of those pals. Perhaps it was Tom, or Dick or Harry, who fell by their side, in a tangle of barbed wire under the spray of a German machine gun, or in that night raid when they lay very still in No Man's Land each time the lights went up from the German trenches, and then crawled on again, and then missed some of the others who crawled. Queer if it were

Tom whose body was being brought back now to the music of massed bands, with the King and Princes and Field Marshals to salute him! The Generals didn't invite him to tea in the old days. Even the Sergeant Major used to give him nothing but elaborate language because he wasn't much good at spit-and-polish. He wasn't cut out for soldiering—hated it like poison!—yet he stuck it out to the end.

In Whitehall there was a white mist struggling against the morning sun which rose above Big Ben. For a while all the buildings—the War Office, the Colonial Office, the Admiralty—were blurred and vague in the mist, so that there

was a kind of dream picture in this street, with its quiet crowds each side of an empty sanded road. Presently the red old sun gained on the mist, and the buildings were white and clear-cut, and one could see the colours of the flags at half-mast above them. The Cenotaph, which means "an empty tomb"—who thought of that?—was draped in long folds of two enormous flags, and there was some kind of "gadget" near by, just where the King would stand, so that at the touch of a lever the flags would fall.

It was to this Cenotaph that the body of the Unknown Warrior would be brought for a royal salute, and a halt in the silence of the people's hearts. Round about it, but not very close, stood the High Powers of the nation's life—silk-hatted, black-coated men who this morning would bow before the spirit and the dust of the simple soldier whose name they did not know. The Prime Minister was there, with Ministers and ex-Ministers of State—many of those men who in war stoked up the fires, issued the spell words, rallied up the energy of the people to new efforts, to continued patience, to more, and more, sacrifice, so that victory might come in the end. Now, in peace, it is these men who are responsible for the reconstruction of a tired and exhausted world, lest that soldier who was coming should be

[Continued overleaf.]



THE TRICOLOUR HONOURS THE UNION JACK: THE COFFIN OF THE UNKNOWN BRITISH WARRIOR LEAVING BOULOGNE TO EMBARK FOR DOVER.

During the night of November 9, the coffin remained in a château at Boulogne occupied by the officers' mess. Next morning it was taken, covered by the Union Jack, in a French Army wagon to the harbour, and placed on board H.M.S. "Verdun."—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]

were the mothers and sisters and wives of the unknown soldiers.

Most of the men about in that early hour of the morning were fellows who at a glance could be known as ex-Service men, even if they wore no badges. I know the look of them. It is something about the eyes that tells one. A look in the eyes of men who have seen death pretty often, and certain lines that war left on their faces—the crow's-feet of the evil spell. There was no hustling or hurrying among them, not much talking, and no comments on the reason of their coming. Lots of them wore service ribbons on civil waistcoats, others the silver badge. When the barriers were opened they stood by a bit to let the women go through first, and then followed on until on each side of Whitehall there was a solid block of them. I wondered in the long wait what thoughts were passing beneath all those felt hats and cloth caps. Impossible to tell, except in remembrance of cynical things, bitter words, harsh, despondent, sometimes angry words, heard from men like this, their type and class, in the years that have followed peace.

"What did we fight for?" . . . "Where's our reward?" . . . "Who remembers now?" . . . "Where are the fruits of victory?" . . . "There were no victors



THE UNKNOWN BRITISH WARRIOR BEGINS HIS HOMEWARD JOURNEY: (1) FOCH SALUTES THE COFFIN IN BOULOGNE; (2) THE PROCESSION THROUGH THE TOWN TO THE HARBOUR.

The body of Britain's Unknown Warrior was brought to Boulogne from the Ypres front in an Army ambulance on November 9, and lay that night, guarded by French soldiers, in a château used as the officers' mess. The rough pine coffin was placed inside the oak coffin, with a Crusader's sword presented by the King fastened to the lid, sent over to receive it. Next morning it was carried out by eight British N.C.O.'s, including an Australian and a Canadian, and placed on a French Army wagon drawn by six horses. The coffin, draped in the "Padre's flag," with the eight N.C.O.'s marching beside it, and Marshal Foch and General Macdonogh behind, was then taken in procession through Boulogne to the Quai Gambetta, where it was embarked in H.M.S. "Verdun," with the wreaths from the French Government, Army, Navy, and Corps of Interpreters.—[Photographs by Topical and I.B.]

(Continued.)

betrayed. Apart from them, but near them, were some Oriental figures—Indian Rajahs and officers in coloured turbans, and among them a venerable figure, white-turbaned, white-bearded, who was a priest of the Sikhs.

Guns were fired somewhere in the distance, like those guns that used to fire in a sulky way on days of mist in Flanders, before they were all silenced at last at eleven o'clock on a November morning when their labour of death was done. The clock of Big Ben struck three-quarters after ten, and there came into the roadway of Whitehall, before the Cenotaph, the King.

He stood a pace or so ahead of the Prince of Wales and his other sons and the Duke of Connaught, with his back to the Cenotaph, alone, looking up the roadway for the gun-carriage which was to bring the body of his soldier. The King had seen that fellow and his comrades on the battlefields. I was near him on the Vimy Ridge and on the crest of Messines, when they were all about him in their steel hats with the mud of war on them. Mile after mile behind the lines as he passed they had cheered him. He knew the valour, the long-suffering patience, the hatred of war among those Common Men who had gone through with it, with the dirty job, to the appointed end.

The Unknown Warrior, as they called him—though he would have jeered at that word "warrior"—was coming now, led forward by noble music. One could see the sun shining on the brass instruments of the massed bands, and bodies of men in the old khaki drab moving very slowly. The beating of the drums to the Dead March in "Saul" thumped at one's heart, and the music came over the crowds like a spiritual wave and flooded them. No one looked at his neighbour, and I did not. I was conscious of those about me straightening themselves up, and then standing motionless, staring ahead of them as the soldiers along the line of route reversed arms and bent their heads, and the gun-team came slowly round so that the carriage was alongside the King, and the coffin was visible to all the people.

On the crimson of the flag which covered it was a steel helmet, one of the tin hats in which our men went marching to the fields of death, and wore askew with a loose strap in shattered villages behind the lines, and brought home on their seven days' leave, and used as a pillow beneath a gas-mask in many a billet of France. The old tin hat and the

sight of it made that Unknown Soldier familiar to all of us, gave most of us a closer understanding of his life, told us something of the manner of his death.

Columns of men from Navy and Army and Air Service kept moving down Whitehall, and then parted into two waves each side of the Cenotaph, and then halted. Behind, far up Whitehall, there were other masses of men following this comrade. They were out of uniform now, these battalions of ex-soldiers who had gone with him once up the roads of war, but they marched with the discipline of trained men. All of them halted. There was no movement at all in the crowds or in the columns.

Generals and admirals and statesmen and clergy saluted the spirit of the unknown soldier. The crowd was bareheaded now, where men stood, Whitehall was a quiet place. The King took a step forward, and took from Lord Haig a wreath of laurel and put it on the coffin with grave carefulness so that it should be safely placed. Then he stepped back again and waited. A body of men in white surplices sang "O God, our help in ages past." From Big Ben came the four quarters and the stroke of eleven.

It was the hour of the Armistice, and now of the silence in many cities and villages

of the world where men and women remember the pain of wounds not very old in their souls, and years of agony, and youth that has passed. . . .

The King turned and touched the lever behind him, and instantly the long flags fell, revealing the tall stark stones of that strange monument which chills one with a sense of youth's holocaust.

The two minutes' silence began. Remembrance, ghosts, pities, subconscious and unuttered thoughts came to each living brain in all that multitude, and may not be told. . . .

Eleven o'clock on the morning of armistice . . . two years ago. What happened then, or have we forgotten?

A misty morning at Mons, with glinting sunlight on the copper leaves of autumn trees. Now and then the sullen bark of a gun. Roads crowded with the transport of war—endless columns of horse-wagons and mule-teams crawling slowly forward, and infantry trudging on with heavy packs. The men were not singing. Their packs weighed heavy. Mud from passing lorries splashed them with great gobs of filth. Under steel



A PLEDGE OF FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE: MARSHAL FOCH AND GENERAL SIR GEORGE MACDONOGH SALUTING THE COFFIN OF THE UNKNOWN BRITISH WARRIOR AT BOULOGNE.

Before the coffin was embarked for England Marshal Foch made a speech recalling the deeds of the British forces in France, and said: "This British hero remains for us an inestimable remembrance, and at the same time a pledge."—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]

hats the sweat poured down. Dead-beat men, marching grimly. But on the transport wagons were little flags, and bits of colour fluttered from the harness of gun-horses and mules. Outside Mons at one minute to eleven there was a little firing. Yes, I remember the sharp barking of the field-guns. Then, somewhere, a bugle blew, in a distant field, one long note. Cease Fire! Faintly over the fields came the sound of a cheer. Then no other sound where I stood but the scrunching of wheels, the squelch of mud in which mules trudged, the hard breathing of tired, marching men. . . . So it had been when the bugle blew the Cease Fire to strife which had filled the world with agony; destroyed millions of men; broken millions of lives; ruined many great cities and thousands of hamlets; and left a wide, long belt of country where not a tree remained alive and all the earth was ravaged; crowded the world with maimed men, blind men, mad men, sick men; flung Empires into anarchy, where hunger killed the children, and women had no milk to feed their babes; and bequeathed to all fighting nations a heritage of loss. So had come the Cease Fire to all that reign of strife, and the bugle sounded very faintly across the fields of France. . . .

Was this Whitehall, where all these people stood in silence? How strange to find two years have passed! What is that music again, those bugles blowing? The bugles blew the "Last Post" as a salute to the soldier of the years that have passed, to all his comrades in the armies of our dead.

The men and horses were on the move again. Behind the gun-carriage walked the King as chief mourner of the Unknown who is known in spirit. Before passing away from the Cenotaph he had laid another wreath at its base; and the Prince of Wales, who is one of the comrades of the great war, was next to place his tribute there.

As the funeral cortège went on its way towards the Abbey there was a great following of men and women with floral tributes, and they belonged to the classes of the people who in the years of war had rallied up for service with all their strength of heart and all their faith—land girls, sea girls, Waacs, nurses, munition workers, scouts, and men of the New Armies who became veterans of the Old Armies before it all had ended.

Memory, enormous, poignant, searching, of that time of exaltation, those years of drugged emotion, of comradeship, hope, tragedy, pride, pity, was overwhelming to some of us at least, as we saw those figures coming back again in a kind of pageantry. But the people who went to place their wreaths were not moved like that, I think, but were busy only with their private tribute to their own particular dead.

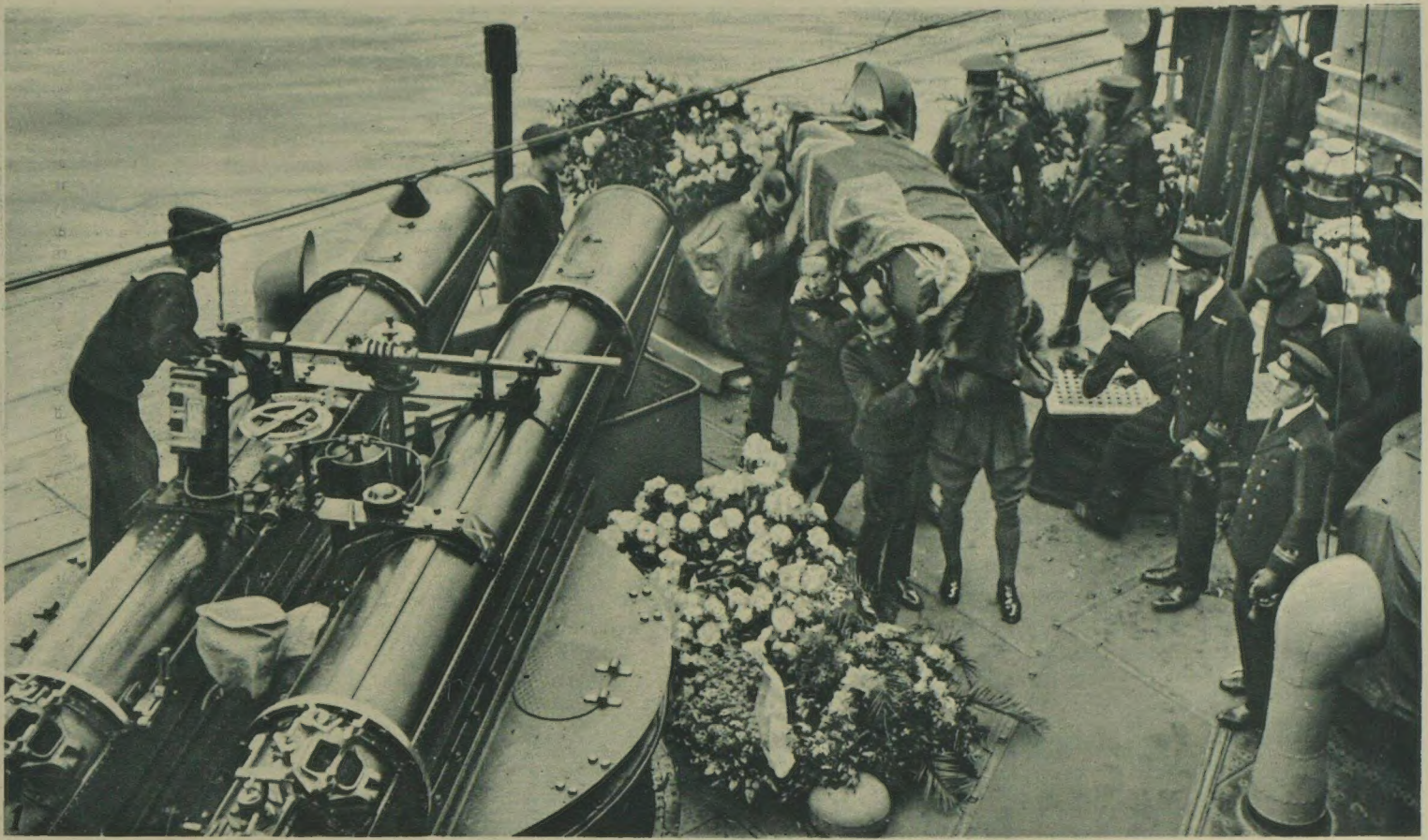
I did not see the burial in the Abbey, but friends who were there tell me that the beauty of it was divine—not as a spectacle, but as a spiritual appeal. It was not crowded by notabilities. Most seats were reserved for the women who were the mothers or wives of those who fell in the war. These rows of plain women in their plain black told all there was to know of what this burial meant. The sight of them brought a mist to most men's eyes. A group of men stood apart in the aisle, the comrades of the Victoria Cross, familiar with that great rushing death which had borne down upon the Unknown to whom now they were to be a guard of honour. They had escaped. He had fallen. So it is in war. . . . Prayers were intoned and hymns sung, before the silence that was for remembrance.

Afterwards the Abbey doors were opened and four ladies came in—the Queen, the Queen-Mother, the Queens of Spain and Norway. Through the opened doors there was the sound of the beating of

the drums which I had heard in the street, and the coffin of the Unknown was carried in by eight Guardsmen, and the King followed, with the Prince, Admirals, and Generals. Prayers rose again softly to the high columns until the coffin was lowered into the grave of honour in the old Abbey which is the shrine of all our history—

*That acre sown indeed
With the richest, royal seed,*

and now richer than before because it holds the dust of that soldier whose gravestone shall call to mind, through many centuries, the years of that war when he and his fellows raised the standard of courage in human nature to strange heights of endurance against fearful odds, and made the common man the greatest hero. From a silver shell the King took out some earth from the battlefields of France, in which our dead lie thick, and cast it upon that coffin as the Dean's voice spoke the words "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." A choral song of thanksgiving, a trumpet call, a roll of drums, and all was finished, in ceremony. The King, the Prince and the great captains went their way, but the grave of the Unknown Warrior was not lonely that day, nor afterwards till now.



SEA-BORNE TO HIS LAST REST IN ENGLAND: (1) THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR BEING REMOVED FROM THE "VERDUN"; (2) THE COFFIN GUARDED ON THE QUARTER-DECK.

The British war-ship which brought home the body of the Unknown Warrior from France to England was the destroyer H.M.S. "Verdun," chosen for her name as a compliment to France. The coffin, draped in the Union Jack which had covered those of Nurse Cavell and Capt. Fryatt, was carried on board by eight British N.C.O.'s and placed on the quarter-deck. It was laden with wreaths, including one placed by French soldiers, and another from the "Verdun's" crew. At each corner a British Bluejacket stood with bowed head and arms reversed, during the voyage across the Channel. The "Verdun" left Boulogne shortly before noon on November 10, and arrived off Dover soon after one o'clock. About 3 p.m. she entered the harbour, and the coffin was borne ashore by six warrant officers, who had all fought in the war, representing the different Services. Six senior officers acted as pall-bearers.—[Photographs by I.B. and C.N.]



THE RETURN TO THE WHITE CLIFFS OF ENGLAND: H.M.S. "VERDUN," WITH THE FLOWER-COVERED
COFFIN OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR LYING ON THE QUARTER-DECK ASTERN, OFF DOVER CASTLE,

Slowly and reverently the Navy brought the Unknown Warrior home to the white cliffs of England. The "Verdun," with the body on board, arrived off Dover soon after 1 p.m. on November 10, accompanied by an escort of six other destroyers, the "Veteran," "Wanderer," "Whitshed," "Witherington," "Wivern," and "Wolverine." The White Ensign flew at half-mast astern, and the coffin, draped in the Union Jack and covered with flowers, lay on the quarter-deck. It was a grey, calm day, with "such a tide as moving seems asleep, Too full for sound and foam, When that which drew from out the boundless deep Turns again home." The ships remained outside the harbour for about two hours. Shortly after 3 o'clock, the "Verdun" began to move, and, followed by the escorting destroyers, steamed slowly along the whole length of the sea wall. She passed the western entrance to the harbour,

COFFIN OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR LYING ON THE QUARTER-DECK ASTERN, OFF DOVER CASTLE,
OF NINETEEN GUNS IS BEING FIRED.

In order to come in by the eastern passage through which many hospital ships had brought the wounded home during the war. The "Verdun" steamed in alone, and while she did so a Field-Marshal's salute of nineteen guns was fired from Dover Castle. A great stillness followed the ceasing of the guns, as the ship slowly drew towards the Admiralty Pier, where waiting troops stood with arms reversed. Our drawing shows the "Verdun" moving slowly towards the harbour entrance. The flower-covered coffin is seen resting on the quarter-deck astern. In the background are the cliffs of Dover, with the Castle above and the smoke caused by the firing of the Field-Marshal's salute of nineteen guns. A similar salute was fired when the "Verdun" left Boulogne.—[Drawn by our Special Artist at Dover, Norman Wilkinson, R.I. Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR'S HOMECOMING, AT ENGLAND'S SEA-GATE: (1) THE "VERDUN"
DOCKING AT DOVER; (2) THE BODY BORNE IN PROCESSION FROM THE QUAY.

As the "Verdun" entered Dover Harbour, a Field-Marshal's salute of nineteen guns was fired from the Castle, and the troops drawn up on the Admiralty Quay were called to attention and then stood with arms reversed. While the ship drew towards the quayside the bands played Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory." The coffin was carried ashore by six warrant officers, and six senior officers, also representing the various Services, acted as pall-bearers. The Irish Fusiliers provided a guard of honour. The coffin was carried direct to the Marine Station to entrain for Victoria. Behind the pall-bearers walked the Adjutant-General, Lieut.-Gen. Sir George Macdonogh, who had accompanied the coffin from Boulogne. After him came Gen. Longley, G.O.C. South-Eastern Area, and Col. Knight, commanding the Dover Garrison. They were followed by the Mayor and Corporation, and garrison officers.—[Photographs by G.P.U. and C.N.]



TAKEN HOME IN THE CAR THAT BROUGHT NURSE CAVELL AND CAPTAIN FRYATT :

(1) THE COFFIN ; (2) LEAVING VICTORIA.

In the Marine Station at Dover the coffin of the Unknown Warrior was placed in the same car—a travelling chapel—in which the bodies of Nurse Cavell and Capt. Fryatt had been brought to London. The car remained at Dover about an hour, during which time it was guarded by four men representing, respectively, the Navy, the Air Force, the Royal Marines, and the Army. The interior of the car was beautifully decorated with laurels, palms, and lilies, and the wreaths from the "Verdun" were also placed within. The journey to London was made that evening, and the coffin remained for the night in the car at Victoria, where Guardsmen stood sentry over it. Next morning it was placed on a gun-carriage of "N" Battery, R.H.A. Those of the pall-bearers in the foreground of the lower photograph are (left to right) : Lord Byng, Lord Horne, Sir Henry Wilson, Earl Haig, Lord French, and Lord Methuen.—[Photographs by I.B.]



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION THROUGH LONDON: (1) THE BANDS AND PIPERS ENTERING WHITEHALL; (2) THE COFFIN, WITH HELMET AND SIDE-ARMS LAID UPON IT.

The funeral procession from Victoria to Westminster Abbey was headed by the bands of the four regiments of Foot Guards, followed by the pipers of the Scots Guards, who may be seen in the background of the upper photograph turning the corner from Trafalgar Square into Whitehall. They were followed by the drummers, with their drums encased in black. Then came the coffin, draped in a Union Jack, on a gun-carriage of the Royal Horse Artillery ("N" Battery), drawn by six horses. Upon the top of the coffin (as shown in the lower photograph) were laid a steel helmet and a soldier's side-arms with belt of webbing. On either side walked the pall-bearers, twelve in all, those representing the Navy, the Royal Marines, and the Air Force on the right of the gun-carriage, and on the left those representing the Army.—[Photographs by I.B.]



THE MOMENT OF THE UNVEILING OF THE CENOTAPH: ONE OF THE GREAT UNION JACKS
SLIPPING DOWN JUST AFTER HIS MAJESTY SET THE APPARATUS IN MOTION.

Our illustration shows the actual moment of the unveiling, which took place while the coffin of the Unknown Warrior was waiting beside the Cenotaph for the hour of eleven to strike. A hymn had been sung, and the Archbishop of Canterbury had recited the Lord's Prayer. As the first note sounded from Big Ben, the King pressed a button at the top of the little pillar seen in front of him in the photograph, thus setting mechanism in motion. Immediately the two great Union Jacks which had been draped over the monument fell to the ground. The Cenotaph in its permanent form stood revealed amid the intense hush of the two minutes' silence that immediately followed the last stroke of the clock. At the end of the pause, buglers sounded the "Last Post," and his Majesty went forward and placed a wreath at the northern end of the Cenotaph.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]



**"IN PROUD MEMORY OF THOSE WARRIORS WHO DIED UNKNOWN IN THE GREAT WAR":
THE KING PLACING HIS WREATH OF BAY LEAVES AND RED ROSES ON THE COFFIN.**

When the coffin reached the Cenotaph, the King was awaiting its arrival there. In his capacity of Chief Mourner, and in token of the Nation's homage, he placed upon it a wreath made of bay leaves and red roses intertwined. Attached to the wreath was a card on which his Majesty had written the words: "In proud memory of those who died unknown in the Great War. Unknown, and yet well-known; as dying and behold they live. George R.I., November 11, 1920." Afterwards, at the end of the two minutes' silence which followed his unveiling of the Cenotaph, the King laid another and larger wreath at its base. This second wreath bore the inscription: "In memory of the Glorious Dead. From George R.I. and Mary R.—November 11th, 1920." Our photograph shows his Majesty in the act of placing the first wreath on the top of the coffin.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TRIBUTE TO HIS FALLEN COMRADES IN THE FIELD: LAYING HIS
WREATH BESIDE THAT OF THE KING AT THE FOOT OF THE CENOTAPH.

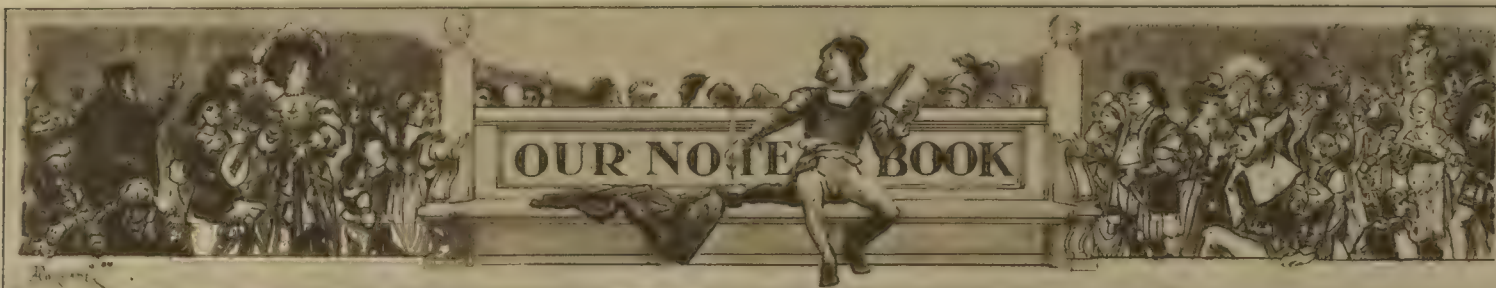
Immediately after the King had laid the first wreath at the foot of the Cenotaph, the Prince of Wales came forward and placed his own beside it. The inscription it bore was: "From Edward P. 11th November, 1920." That of the King read: "In memory of the Glorious Dead, from George R.I. and Mary R.—November 11th, 1920." His Majesty had previously laid on the coffin a smaller wreath, whose inscription is given on another page, under our illustration of the incident. Throughout the ceremonies the Prince of Wales, with his brothers, the Duke of York and Prince Henry, attended closely on his father. Many memories must have crowded upon him during those hours—memories of his service at the Front, of fallen comrades, of countless friends met in his world-wide journeys and linked in thought across the seas with the events of that memorial day.—[*Photograph by L.N.A.*]



"DEEP AS ETERNITY": THE SILENCE AT THE CENOTAPH, WITH BRITAIN'S LEADERS IN



CHURCH AND STATE AND FIGHTING SERVICES ASSEMBLED TO HONOUR THE EMPIRE'S DEAD.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE recent ritual of Armistice Day was overshadowed, as everyone knows, by the shadowy figure of the Unknown Warrior. And this was well; for that figure, however like a shadow, alone possesses something of the character of a statue. It is one of the very few monumental things in modern civilisation. The world will never forget that altar which St. Paul saw as he passed by, where the Greeks had built a shrine to the Unknown God. So it is in this case, almost alone among all modern cases; it is really possible that the world may never forget that we built a shrine to the Unknown Man.

For whatever the Future is like, it will not be Futurist. The very notion of always talking in terms of to-morrow is a passing taste that will soon be a thing of yesterday. Those who are concerned for the coming thing are really rather concerned for the vanishing thing, concerned to catch a fashion before it vanishes. Most of the artistic experiments and social prophecies which appeal to the next age, are, in fact, stamped with all the special marks and limitations of this age. Our Utopian predictions may not be very easily fulfilled, but they will be very easily dated. Our Futurist pictures may be mistaken at the first glance for the primitive drawings of Sandwich Islanders, but a more expert examination will certainly reveal the characteristic conventions of the twentieth century. This is as true of War Memorials as of everything else; and those who insisted on things of immediate usefulness were mostly denying and destroying the whole of their ultimate use. Whatever else might be said of such War Memorials, they do not happen to discharge the function of being memorials of the war. With a changing Society these practical things will become impracticable; these useful things will be disused. The building of cottages, let us say, is vital in the present shortage of housing; but it might become almost unintelligible in a society with a decently distributed power over the means of production, where a common man could afford to build his own cottage. A club or institute may be established with enthusiasm and applause; it may be regarded as a mere saving of wealth and life by "keeping people out of the public house." But it may be regarded as a mere meaningless waste by people who will, perhaps, have restored the public house to its proper public dignity, and made the old Christian inn a place for Christian men. These things are at best modern medicines for modern maladies. They will appear to another age like some special provisions against the Black Death, or some particular warning against the Norse pirates. But though the advanced ideas of our own age are the very last that are likely to endure into another age, neither is it enough to express common ideas in the sense of conventional ideas. That is, it is not enough to express common ideas in a conventional way.

If there are many mad pamphlets and queer pictures and fantastic flags of revolt in the dust-bin of the ages, it is

equally true that there are whole rubbish-heaps of lost Latin epitaphs and dead English epics, and pompous monuments like the urns and nymphs in a deserted garden. The thing that survives is that which has a certain combination of normality with distinction. It has simplicity with a slight touch of strangeness; as has the style of Milton or Michael Angelo. It is a tale just sufficiently unusual to be worth telling, and yet immediately intelligible when told. It is what the hero is to the human being: a thing magnified but made to scale. Of this really enduring quality I know no other modern example except the burial of the

upon the Capitol, and that the Roman Emperor offered some sacrifice or libation to his *manes*, we should understand what was meant. If we were told that some great mediæval king spent wealth on masses to be sung in some great cathedral for the soul of some unknown archer, picked up at random on the field of Courtrai or Crecy, we should feel what we were meant to feel. We should feel what we felt on Armistice Day in London. It is something perhaps better expressed, in any age, by the silent symbol of gesture and action than by any definition of a thing so deep. It is strange that the same thinkers who disapprove of dogma often also disapprove of ritualism. For ritualism is the only possible alternative to dogma. In this case the dogma is so deep and vital that its verbal definition invariably leads to disputes and absurd misunderstandings. It is a truth that worries people when put into words; so that they talk the wildest nonsense about it, and especially against it. Perhaps, therefore, it is just as well that their sub-conscious faith in this dogma should only be expressed in a grave and graceful ceremonial action. But the dogma itself, the truth symbolised itself, is something that was almost rediscovered in the realities of war: it is that in the darkness of battle, and in the very heart of the whirlwind of death, is discovered that mystery whose name is the equality of men.

Men are not equal in their realisation of equality. They are really equal in many other essentials of the true egalitarian idea, but they are not equal in that. Certain conditions, favour the growth of plutocratic fashions obscuring our brotherhood; certain other conditions make intensely vivid the great things we have in common, as compared with the small things that divide us. And anyone who understands the real doctrine of equality (there are not very many in the modern world who do) will understand that some sense of it vaguely but invariably comes to the surface under the hideous conditions of war. An army, which in one sense would seem the very home of subordination, has nevertheless an ultimate tendency to encourage equality; because, whatever may be the rule or the orders, the facts are those of an intense interdependence.

If any man really fails to understand the mystical dogma of the equality of man, he can immediately test it by thinking of two men, of totally different types and fortunes, falling on the same field at some terrible crisis in the war which saved our country. One might be, and often was, a gentleman of the finer tradition, fortunate in his friends, in his tastes, in his culture as well as his character. Another might be some stunted serf of our servile industrial slums, a man whom all modern life conspired to crush and to deform. In the hour when the flag of England was saved, there was no man who dared to say, or would have dreamed of saying, that one death was less glorious than the other.

NOTE.—Owing to lack of space, we are compelled to suspend for one week the publication of the play, "The Right to Strike." The second instalment will appear in our next issue.



DRAPED WITH UNION JACKS SO THAT THE CROSS OF ST. GEORGE STOOD OUT ON EACH END: THE CENOTAPH JUST BEFORE THE UNVEILING.

The two great Union Jacks were so folded over the Cenotaph that the blood-red Cross of St. George, symbol of all that is noblest in chivalry, stood out conspicuous on either end. This photograph was taken shortly before the King unveiled the Cenotaph on the arrival of the Unknown Warrior's funeral procession. In the left foreground are seen some turbaned figures, among the representatives of India.—[Photograph by British Illustrations.]

Unknown Warrior, with a King for his Chief Mourner.

It is a tale that could be told in any future society, and remain simple and striking. It is a monument that could be looked at by any future generation, with any customs or costumes, and looked at with the same mixture of mystery and familiarity. If we wish to imagine the feelings of the future, the best approximation to it is not to trust the fancies of our own futurism, but to note the facts of our own attitude towards the past, especially the remote past. Now, this story of the Unknown Warrior would have a point and a pathos if it were told about a prehistoric tribe burying a man in a barrow, or an ancient Egyptian procession bearing a faceless mummy to a pyramid. If we read that a nameless legionary was buried high



**BRITAIN'S GREATEST IN PEACE AND WAR HONOUR THE UNKNOWN: (1) PRINCES AND STATESMEN
AT THE CENOTAPH; (2) THE TWELVE WAR LEADERS AS PALL BEARERS.**

In the upper photograph are seen in the right foreground (from right to left) the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Prince Henry, and the Duke of Connaught. On the left in the front row (from left to right) are Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Bonar Law, Lord Curzon, and Mr. Winston Churchill. Mr. Austen Chamberlain is behind Mr. Bonar Law, and between the latter and Lord Curzon is Lord Milner. To the right of Mr. Churchill is Sir Robert Horne. Third from the right in front is Lord Reading. The pall-bearers in the lower photograph are (left to right) Sir Hedworth Meux, Earl Beatty, Sir Henry Jackson, Gen. Gatliff (Royal Marines), Sir Charles Madden, Air-Marshal Sir Hugh Trenchard, Lord Methuen, Lord French, Earl Haig, Sir Henry Wilson, Lord Horne, and Lord Byng—men of the highest distinction in the four Services.—[Photographs by C.N.]



"WHO IS HE THAT COMETH, LIKE AN HONOUR'D GUEST, WITH BANNER AND WITH MUSIC, WITH SOLDIER
THE COFFIN ON ITS GUN-CARRIAGE, WITH THE PALL-BEARERS ON

After the ceremony at the Cenotaph—its unveiling by the King, the two-minutes' silence, and the placing of the wreaths by his Majesty, the Prince of Wales, and statement of the Empire—the funeral procession moved forward on its way to Westminster Abbey for the final rites. It was at this moment that the above photograph was taken. The coffin, draped in the Union Jack, now bears upon it, beside the helmet and side-arms, the wreath laid there by the King when it arrived at the Cenotaph. Beside the gun-carriage walk the twelve pall-bearers, men of the highest rank in the four Services, the Navy, the Army, the Royal Marines, and the Air Force. On the further side of the gun-carriage are the Admirals with the representatives of the Air Force and Marines. From left to right they are: Air-Marshal Sir Hugh Trenchard, Admiral Sir Charles Madden, General Gatliff, of the Royal Marines, and Admirals—



AND WITH PRIEST, WITH A NATION WEeping?" THE PROCESSION LEAVING THE CENOTAPH FOR THE ABBEY—
EITHER SIDE, FOLLOWED BY THE KING AS CHIEF MOURNER.

of-the-Fleet Sir Henry Jackson, Earl Beatty, and Sir Hedworth Meux. On the near side of the gun-carriage are the Army leaders (from left to right) Generals Lord Byng and Lord Horne, and Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, Earl Haig, Lord French, and Lord Methuen. Immediately behind the gun-carriage walks the King as Chief Mourner. Behind his Majesty (from left to right in the photograph) are the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Prince Henry, and the Duke of Connaught. After the royal party come the Premier and ex-Premier (Mr. Asquith), and a group of other leading statesmen, Cabinet Ministers, Dominion representatives, and Indian Princes. Behind these were mourners from the Fighting Services, marching six abreast, and after them a body of ex-Service men. Slowly the procession passed on to the Abbey.—[Photograph by C.N.]



"FOR I KNOW NOT WHERE HE IS LAID": SOME OF THE COUNTLESS WREATHS PLACED BESIDE THE CENOTAPH—THE SYMBOL OF MANY AN UNKNOWN GRAVE.

The Cenotaph—the Empty Tomb—symbolises countless graves on far-off battlefields, and thousands of mourners commemorated their own dead by laying floral offerings beside it. Our photographs show: (1) The mass of flowers at one end; (2) Little Queenie Harding, in Welsh dress, with the 6 ft. harp of flowers she brought from Newport, Mon.; (3) The Canadian Government's wreath; (4) The King leaving the Cenotaph after placing his wreath; (5) Busant Singh, family priest of the Maharajah of Patiala, representing the Sikh faith, with a wreath from the princes and people of India; (6) A tribute from "Australian comrades, Australian Imperial Force," shaped like the rising sun of the A.I.F. cap badge; (7) The huge wreath presented at Boulogne on behalf of the French Navy. The French Army and Government also sent wreaths.—[Photographs by Sport and General, Alferi, British Illustrations, Austral Photographic Service, and G.P.U.]

ISLED IN A SEA OF FLOWERS: THE CENOTAPH AND ITS WREATHS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



ALL CLASSES OFFER TRIBUTE TO THE EMPIRE'S DEAD: ELABORATE WREATHS AND SINGLE FLOWERS LAID AT THE FOOT OF THE CENOTAPH.

One of the most wonderful and touching scenes on Armistice Day in London was that which took place at the Cenotaph in Whitehall. After unveiling it, the King placed the first wreath, from himself and the Queen, upon the pedestal; then followed the Prince of Wales, the Prime Minister, and representatives of France, the Army Council, the Dominions, and so on. When the procession had moved away, an enclosure was erected round the Cenotaph, and a body of police laid at the base hundreds of wreaths from absent mourners, until the

whole plinth was covered with a mound of flowers. After that the public were admitted, and people of all classes added their gifts as they filed past. These were of every kind and size, from large and elaborate wreaths, the work of loving hands at home, to humble offerings of single blossoms—the widow's mite—dropped with equal reverence upon the pile. The Cenotaph rose from a sea of flowers, the spontaneous tribute of a whole people, from King to peasant, to the memory of their dead.



**"NOW TO GLORIOUS BURIAL SLOWLY BORNE": (1) APPROACHING WESTMINSTER ABBEY;
(2) THE SPEAKER, MR. ASQUITH, AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE FOLLOWING.**

On arriving at the precincts of the Abbey, the coffin was lifted from the gun-carriage by a party of Guardsmen who bore it on their shoulders along the path to the North Door, as shown in the upper photograph. On either side of the coffin are the pall-bearers. Immediately behind it walks the King, bareheaded. Then follow the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Prince Henry, and the Duke of Connaught. Behind Prince Henry is seen the Marquess of Milford Haven (formerly Prince Louis of Battenberg). Next come the Speaker, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Lloyd George, walking together, as seen also in the lower photograph. Behind them is a group of Cabinet Ministers, with Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Curzon, and Mr. Bonar Law in the leading row, and other representative men, from the Dominions and India.

Photographs by Sport and General and Photopress.



"IN THE HOLIEST ACRE THAT ENGLAND OWNS": THE COFFIN ENTERING THE NORTH DOOR OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY, FOLLOWED BY THE KING.

As the funeral procession approached the Abbey, the choir and clergy came out to meet it, and led the way back to the grave. The coffin was carried in through the North Door on the shoulders of Guardsmen, who, on reaching the grave, placed it on the cross bars, and then moved away to stand to attention by the pillars on either side until the time came for them to lower it into the grave. In the above photograph the King and the royal Princes are seen following the coffin. Just behind it is seen Earl Beatty, and next after him is Sir Hedworth Meux, another of the Naval pall-bearers. In the right foreground (from left to right) are shown Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Asquith, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. J. W. Lowther, M.P. These led the group of statesmen of the Empire.

Photograph by Sport and General.

"THERE'S SOME CORNER OF A FOREIGN

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR DRAWING



"NATURE HAD HIDDEN THE GHASTLY SCENE UNDER A VEIL OF MANY COLOURS . . .
A BATTLEFIELD GRAVE ON THE

This drawing of the grave of an unknown warrior (not the one buried in the Abbey) is by Capt. E. H. Shepard, who served at the Front. Concerning it, it is of interest to quote the following letter from another British officer at the Front: "Yesterday I visited the battlefield of last year. The place was scarcely recognisable. Instead of a wilderness of ground torn up by shell, a perfect desolation of earth without a sign of vegetation, the ground was a garden of wild flowers and tall grasses. Nature had certainly hidden the ghastly scene under a veil of many colours. I was specially struck by a cross to an unknown British warrior which stood up like a sentinel over the vast cemetery of the fallen in last year's battle, now hidden under the dense vegetation. Most remarkable of all was the appearance of many thousands of

FIELD THAT IS FOR EVER ENGLAND."

BY CAPTAIN E. H. SHEPARD, M.C.



THERE WAS NOTHING TO DISTURB THE ETERNAL SLUMBER OF THIS UNKNOWN":
WESTERN FRONT—TWO YEARS AFTER.

white butterflies which fluttered round this solitary grave. You can have no conception of the strange sensation that this host of little fluttering creatures gave me. It was as if the souls of the dead soldiers had come to haunt the spot where so many fell. It was so eerie to see them, the only living things in that wilderness or flowers. And the silence! Not a sound, not even the rustling of a breeze through the grass. It was so still that it seemed as if one could almost hear the beat of the butterflies' wings. Indeed, there was nothing to disturb the eternal slumber of this unknown who was sleeping his last sleep where he fell. A contrast indeed to the hideous crash of battle of a short year ago."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



THE FIRST OF THE MOTHERS OF BRITAIN, WHOSE HEART WAS DEEPLY MOVED WITH SYMPATHY
ENTERING WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Four Queens were present at the burial of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey—Queen Mary, Queen Alexandra, the Queen of Spain, and the Queen of Norway. Her Majesty, followed by the Queen of Spain and Princess Mary, entered the Abbey by the West Door soon after 11 o'clock, having driven straight from the ceremony at the Cenotaph. She was conducted by the Chapter Clerk, Mr. E. F. Knapp-Fisher, to a low purple-covered dais near the grave, where she sat with the Queen of Spain on her left hand. Queen Alexandra arrived shortly afterwards, and sat on Queen Mary's right, with her daughter, Queen Maud of Norway, on the other side. Next to Queen Maud were Princess Mary and Princess Victoria. Among the other royal



FOR THOSE BEREAVED: THE QUEEN, FOLLOWED BY THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AND PRINCESS MARY,
FOR THE BURIAL SERVICE.

ladies present were the Duchess of Argyll, the Duchess of Albany, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Maud of Fife. All were deeply moved by the occasion, but it was noticed that the Queen herself showed the most visible signs of emotion. She was one of the mothers who had sons serving in the War and knew anxiety and suspense, if not the sorrow of bereavement. When the service was over, the four Queens, with the King, the rest of the royal party, the clergy, and all who had taken an active part in the ceremony, left the Abbey by the West Door.—[Drawn by S. Dugg, our Special Artist in Westminster Abbey. Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A MEMORIAL FOR EVER TO "THE GLORIOUS DEAD" OF THE GREAT WAR: THE CENOTAPH BY NIGHT.

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY CECIL KING.



UNVEILED BY THE KING ON ARMISTICE DAY, 1920: THE CENOTAPH IN WHITEHALL, SET IN THE HEART OF THE EMPIRE AS A SYMBOL OF THE EMPIRE'S SOUL.

The Cenotaph has now taken its lasting place as the most significant of our national memorials in the capital of the Empire. Every moment people engaged in their daily pursuits, pedestrians and passengers in vehicles, passing by it will be reminded of all it stands for, and of the heroic dead whom it commemorates. In its permanent form, built of Portland stone, it differs slightly in certain details from the previous temporary structure. Instead of the flag draped over the top, there is a laurel wreath carved in stone, and similar stone wreaths at each end have replaced the wreaths of real leaves formerly hung there. The only

metal about it is in the flag-poles of gilt copper. It was at one time proposed that the flags should be of carved stone, but eventually real bunting was used. After unveiling it on Armistice Day, the King placed a wreath on the plinth, as also did the Prime Minister on behalf of the British nation, and representatives of the Dominions, the Crown Colonies, and British Protectorates. Countless mourners of those dear to them among "The Glorious Dead" afterwards laid wreaths there, and it is likely that such tributes will always be found at the foot of the Cenotaph while this nation endures.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



"EARTH TO EARTH, ASHES TO ASHES, DUST TO DUST": THE KING SPRINKLING FRENCH SOIL DURING THE READING BY THE DEAN

The soil of France, made sacred to us by the shedding of so much British blood upon it, provided the earth, brought over in a hundred sandbags, for filling-in the grave of Britain's Unknown Warrior. It was French earth, too, which the King sprinkled on the coffin after it had been lowered into the grave. This earth was contained in a silver shell, which was handed by the Clerk of the Works of Westminster Abbey (Mr. Wright) to Sir Douglas Dawson, who, in turn, handed it to his Majesty. Behind, in the drawing, are seen (among others) the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Marquess of Milford Haven, Prince Henry, and the Duke of Connaught. In the left foreground is Sir Hedworth Meux, one of the Naval pall-bearers, and



FROM A SILVER SHELL ON TO THE COFFIN IN THE GRAVE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, OF THE COMMITTAL SENTENCES.

on the other side of the grave three of those from the Army, Lord Methuen, Lord French, and Earl Haig. It may appropriately be mentioned here that the music used in the Abbey ceremony included a work by a well-known English composer, Mr. Arthur Somervell's "Killed in Action," a slow movement from his fine Symphony in D minor, "Thalassa." It was certainly fitting that British music should have been represented on this great national occasion. Very moving also was Kipling's "Recessional," which was sung during the service. After it was over, the band of the Grenadier Guards played a "Grand Solemn March," by G. J. Miller.—[Drawn by Steven Spurrer, R.O.I., our Special Artist in Westminster Abbey. Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A NAMELESS GRAVE IN BRITAIN'S VALHALLA—SYMBOL OF THE SUPREME SACRIFICE OF THE EMPIRE'S MANHOOD.

FROM THE WATER-COLOURED DRAWING BY S. BEGG.



TYPE OF "THE BRAVELY DUMB THAT DID THEIR DEED AND SCORNE TO BLOT IT WITH A NAME": THE GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY—A PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE FOREVER.

NAME": THE GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY—HONOUR OF THE "GLORIOUS DEAD."

The grave of the Unknown Warrior buried in Westminster Abbey on Armistice Day, with all the honour which a nation can bestow, will remain as long as the Abbey endures as a place of pilgrimage for the coming generations. The nameless man buried there is a type and symbol of the thousands who, in "glorious anonymity," gave their lives in the war for freedom and the honour of their native land. In the words of Russell Lowell (one of the great American Ambassadors to this country), they were "The bravely dumb that did their deed And scorned to blot it with a name, Men of the plain heroic breed, That loved Heaven's silence more than fame."

Neither will come mourners of other dead, people of all ranks of the community, united in a common bond of remembrance. Among them, it may be, will come, all unwittingly, the friends of the Unknown Warrior himself who rests below, the representative here of countless comrades who lie in far-off graves under alien skies, or deep in the waters of the sea. The inscription on the temporary stone over the grave reads: "A British Warrior who fell in the Great War, 1914-1918, for King and Country. Greater love hath no man than this." It may be altered later. Except the quotation from St. John, the coffin bore the same words.—(Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)



"THE BLACK EARTH YAWNS: THE MORTAL DISAPPEARS": THE BEARERS (MEN OF THE COLD-STREAM GUARDS) LOWERING THE COFFIN INTO THE GRAVE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

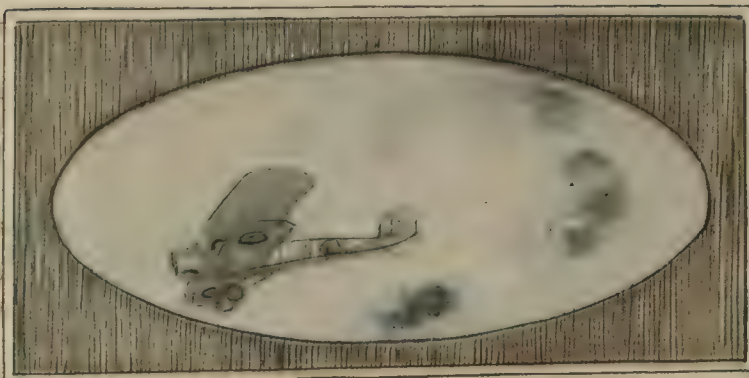
When the Dean of Westminster had finished reading the lesson (from Revelation vii.) the bearers, who had remained standing at attention beside pillars after bringing the coffin into the Abbey, again came forward. While the hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," was being sung, they removed from the coffin the Union Jack, the King's wreath, the helmet, and the side-arms. Then they reverently lowered it into the grave, where it rested on sand that has not been disturbed, apparently, since that part of the Abbey was built. No remains were found there by the grave-diggers. The bearer party consisted of one sergeant and eight guardsmen of the 3rd Batt. Coldstream Guards. In the drawing the sergeant is seen at the right-hand end of the grave, while six of the men (three on each side) are lowering the coffin. [Drawn by Steven Spurner, R.O.I., our Special Artist in Westminster Abbey. Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



THE FLOWER OF BRITISH CHIVALRY AS A CHOSEN GUARD OF HONOUR: THE HUNDRED V.C.'S
FILING PAST THE GRAVE AFTER THE BURIAL SERVICE IN THE ABBEY.

Such a guard of honour as no warrior has ever had before was on duty in the Abbey. It consisted of a hundred heroes of the Great War, wearers of the little bronze cross "For Valour" that represents the highest order of courage. These V.C.'s were officers and men of other ranks from the Navy, the Army, and the Air Force, and were under the command of Col. Freyburg, V.C., 1st Grenadier Guards. Before the ceremony they were posted, without distinction of rank, some in uniform and some in civilian dress, in two rows, one on each side of the gangway left clear from the screen to the grave, near the bereaved wives and mothers. At the end of the service, they filed past the grave in two lines, as our drawing shows. Thus the unknown dead was honoured by the flower of British chivalry.

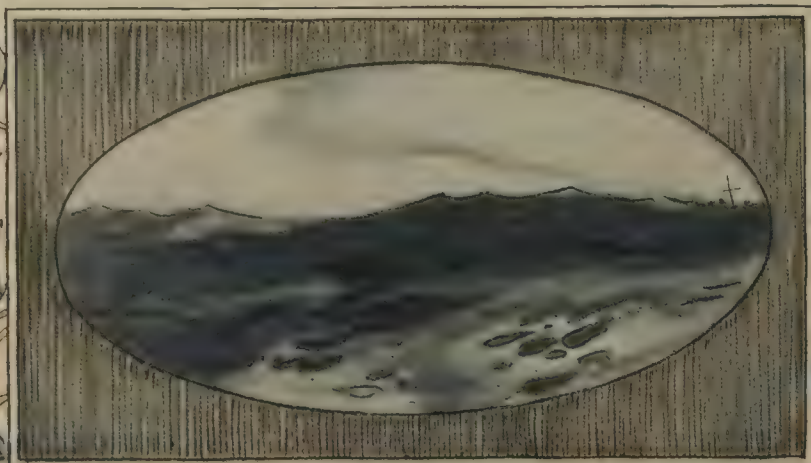
Drawn by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I., our Special Artist in Westminster Abbey. Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.



The Unknown Dead.

Warriors of Britain, Warriors dead for Britain,
Hail! Draw near in this victorious hour.
Here through the ages since this Britain's birth
We bring the men who shape her destiny;
The heart of history is treasured here.
Though all the glory we can give is nought,
We come to render homage as we may,
And bring your unknown envoy to his peers.
The Nation's hour of utmost danger struck,
And straight her manhood as one man arose
To guard her life, and saving England died.
We may not follow all the ways you took
Enriching earth with your heroic seed;
We gather up all honour, every deed
Of courage, all endurance, all your pain—
And, in the noblest symbol of the race,
We offer homage to your living fame!
An unknown Warrior lies among his peers.
Oh, unknown Warrior, yet to Britain known,
Known to the Nation's heart, known to our hearts;
Lying so near, so infinitely dear—
Thou art our Soldier to each one of us,
And still thou art the envoy of the Race.
It is the soul of Britain we commend
To God. We plead the sacrifice supreme.
It is the body of our manhood lies
Before this Altar. Through this death we pray
A nobler life may quicken through the earth.
Sons of the Nation! Oh, our unborn sons,
To you we leave this token of our day—
To you an unknown Warrior leaves the World.

BEATRIX BRICE.





COVERED WITH THE HISTORIC "PADRE'S FLAG" AND THE PALL, AND GUARDED BY MEN
OF THE FOUR SERVICES: THE GRAVE AFTER THE ABBEY CEREMONY.

After the Abbey service the grave was enclosed, and within the barrier were posted four sentries, one each from the Army (left foreground in our photograph), the Air Force (right foreground), the Marines (left background), and the Navy (right background). The grave was covered with the Abbey pall and over it the historic Union Jack known as "the Padre's flag," presented by the Rev. David Railton, M.C., Vicar of Margate, who first suggested to the Dean of Westminster the idea of burying an Unknown Warrior in the Abbey. The flag was given to Mr. Railton when he went to France as an Army chaplain, and it was used, for purposes many and various, on many famous battlefields. He brought it back stained with British blood, and it will now hang in Westminster Abbey. Upon it are three wreaths, including the King's, and others are laid at the end of the grave.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



CHILDHOOD'S TRIBUTE TO THE "GLORIOUS DEAD": A LITTLE GIRL ADDING HER OFFERING

Photograph by



TO THE WREATHS AT THE CENOTAPH—A TOUCHING INCIDENT OF THE GREAT PILGRIMAGE.

Illustrations Bureau.



THE MECCA OF THE GREAT PILGRIMAGE IN MEMORY OF LOVED ONES LOST IN THE WAR: A NIGHT SCENE PASSED BY TO OFFER THEIR

Modern history affords no parallel, in this country at any rate, to the great pilgrimage to the Cenotaph and the grave in Westminster Abbey. During the four days on which Whitehall was closed to wheeled traffic, over a million people passed by the Cenotaph, and the number of wreaths and other floral offerings exceeded 100,000. Two immense queues of pilgrims coming in different directions stretched away, one beyond Trafalgar Square, and the other along the Embankment. They were people of all classes and all ages, moved by no idle curiosity, but patiently enduring long hours of tedium and discomfort in order to pay their tribute to the dead. Many came from the country—Wales, Scotland, Ireland; even the Shetland Islands and the



AT THE CENOTAPH, WHERE A HUNDRED THOUSAND WREATHS WERE LAID, AND OVER A MILLION PEOPLE TRIBUTES TO THE DEAD.

Outer Hebrides. Saturday, November 13, was notably the children's day. On the 15th traffic was resumed, but the great pilgrimage still continued. Public imagination had been deeply stirred by the ceremony of Armistice Day, and the Cenotaph has become a national shrine for all time. In order to preserve a record of the wonderful scenes which followed its unveiling, all the memorial cards attached to the wreaths and flowers deposited beside it are to be placed in the Imperial War Museum. Our illustration records the fact that the pilgrimage past the Cenotaph continued throughout the nights of November 11 and 12, and to some extent on succeeding nights.—[Drawn by Cecil King, our Special Artist in Whitehall. Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



FRANCE HONOURS HER UNKNOWN WARRIOR, THE *POILU INCONNU*: (1) THE ARRIVAL AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE; (2) THE COFFIN ON ITS GUN-CARRIAGE—A WOMAN KNEELING.

France also accorded national honours on Armistice Day in Paris to the body of an Unknown Warrior, a *poilu inconnu* brought from his grave on the battlefield. The ceremony was linked with the jubilee of the Third Republic, whose celebration had been postponed from September 4 owing to the illness of M. Deschanel, then President. The heart of Gambetta, the founder of the Republic, was borne in the procession, contained in an urn on a triumphal car. But it was the coffin of the *poilu*, draped in the Tricolour and set on a gun-carriage, that chiefly stirred the hearts of the spectators. Behind it walked President Millerand, who will be recognised in our lower photograph. Notable also is the figure of a woman kneeling on the pavement as the coffin passes. Marshals Foch, Joffre, Pétain, with other generals and statesmen, were near the President.—[Photographs by L.N.A. and I.B.]



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THE *POILU INCONNU* AND THE HEART OF GAMBETTA: (1) OUTSIDE THE PANTHÉON, PARIS;
(2) LEAVING THE PANTHÉON; (3) THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE ILLUMINATED.

The procession in Paris went first to the Panthéon, where the coffin and the urn with Gambetta's heart were borne in, and the President, M. Millerand, delivered an address. Outside the Panthéon there was a great assemblage of troops—infantry and cavalry. The procession was re-formed and went by way of the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe, under which the relics of the soldier and the statesman were placed. The ceremony ended with the playing by massed bands of the *Chant du Départ* and the *Marseillaise*. The *poilu's* coffin was laid temporarily in the upper storey of one of the columns of the Arch. Gambetta's heart was later taken back to the Panthéon and placed in a crypt. That night Paris was brilliantly illuminated. Wreaths for the *poilu's* coffin were sent by the King, the British Navy, the Army Council, and the British Ambassador in Paris.—[Photographs by Topical and C.N.]

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MONTE CARLO.

NOW that summer is over, and our thoughts turn naturally to the sunny South of France and the morning parade on the matchless Terrace of Monte Carlo, it is interesting to recall the early history of Society's great winter playground, whose splendidly arranged attractions are so largely the result of the work of M. François Blanc.

M. François Blanc came to Monaco undaunted by the fact that since the reigning Prince of the Principality had exercised his sovereign rights to grant a concession permitting roulette to be played, three separate ventures to make a success of the game had completely failed. When he arrived on the scene of action, Monte Carlo proper was a mass of rocks and caves, once the dwellings of the prehistoric men of the coast. The railway which runs from Marseilles to the Italian frontier at that time terminated at Nice, and the journey to Monaco had to be undertaken by carriage. This state of affairs may be remembered by old habitués of Monte Carlo, and it is amazing to compare the present conditions, when ground is as dear as in the most fashionable quarters of Paris and London, with the old days when sites were granted free of cost to anyone who would undertake the obligation of building.

Monte Carlo has prospered exceedingly under the management of M. Camille Blanc, who holds the position of Chairman to the important Société des Bains de Mer et du Cercle des Etrangers à Monaco. The season has been rendered more attractive each year at Monte Carlo, and the endeavours of M. Camille Blanc have been crowned with success. At one time the roads of Monte Carlo have held three American liners in front of the Casino; and the cordial

welcome given to British and American troops when they were in hospital and "convalescing" in the "beauty spot of Europe", has enhanced its popularity. From early morning the promenade along the terrace of the Casino and the square, which is bounded by the splendid gardens of the Casino, the Casino itself, and the Hotel and Café de Paris, is crowded with fashionable pleasure-seekers. The Garden and

the musical programmes at Monte Carlo, to realise how intensely interesting the concerts there invariably are. The delightful and popular concerts organised daily by M. Louis Gaime, with his company of artists, all of whom hold the certificate of the Paris Conservatoire de Musique, will be a feature of the season. M. Camille Blanc, however, has varied duties to perform, for as well as being responsible

for the artistic attractions of Monte Carlo, he also has to attend to the race programmes, and has organised the races in a manner which permits of no adverse criticism. The sum given by the Race Society over which M. Blanc presides offers considerable benefit to the few breeders who keep sport alive in the south, far away from Longchamp and Auteuil, with all the rich followings served by Deauville and Dieppe, as well as Chantilly, and the suburban gatherings which keep things going round the Paris district.

A good deal of money is expended on the business of raising foodstuffs and keeping poultry for the benefit of the crowds who visit Monte Carlo; but extra care has been exercised to prevent any undue competition arising among producers, and each one has his particular area of sale, and is, to a certain extent, free from all competition.

And what more beautiful promenade could be found than the Terrace

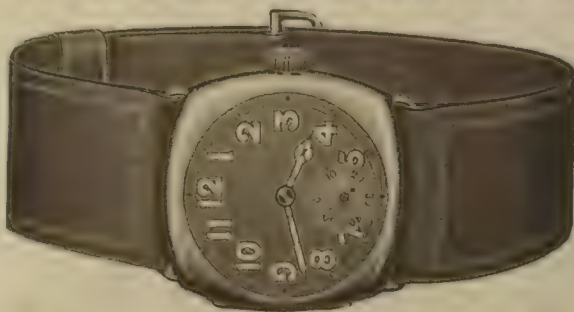
which divides the mainland from the sea, with its well-kept gardens, the sun shining and dancing on the water and gilding the tips of the mountains at La Tourbie? There is no winter along this sun-kissed Terrace; there is no chill, dark depressing season along the whole Riviera, which, one may say, is the favourite winter resort of Europe. Representatives of every nation may be observed among those who breathe the ozone sitting in the sun at Monte Carlo.



THE "BEAUTY SPOT OF EUROPE": A SCENE ON THE TERRACE AT MONTE CARLO.

Boulevard des Moulins also have their patrons. A complete programme of this season's attractions is being prepared, and will be published in due course. Naturally, the operatic and dramatic portion of that programme will be as complete and interesting as possible; and one has only to remember the number of lyric stars in our horizon whose merit has been confirmed by international acclamation who have been discovered by the clever impresarios who arrange

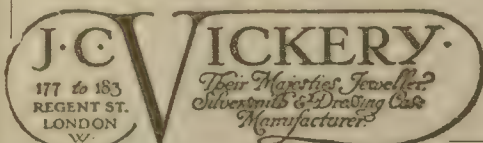
Watches for Ladies & Gentlemen



No. C906.—Gent's Smart Solid Gold Luminous High-grade Lever Wrist Watch, with Wide Velvet Calf Strap.

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Boxes 1/3, 3/-, and 5/- of all Chemists.

A FREE SAMPLE of the lozenges will be sent on receipt of a postcard. Mention *The Illustrated London News* and address: SAVORY & MOORE, Ltd., Chemists to the King, 143a, New Bond Street, London.

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ABSORBENT LOZENGES**

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As a breakfast and supper
beverage which warms and
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"I cannot imagine a more delightful or welcome gift."

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Ciro Pearls

Palladium Theatre:—

"I have worn my *Ciro Pearls* on the stage and in private life. They have been so greatly admired that I am prompted to send this mark of appreciation. Their tints are so perfect and they so closely resemble real pearls that I cannot imagine a more delightful or welcome gift."

(Signed) DOROTHY WARD.

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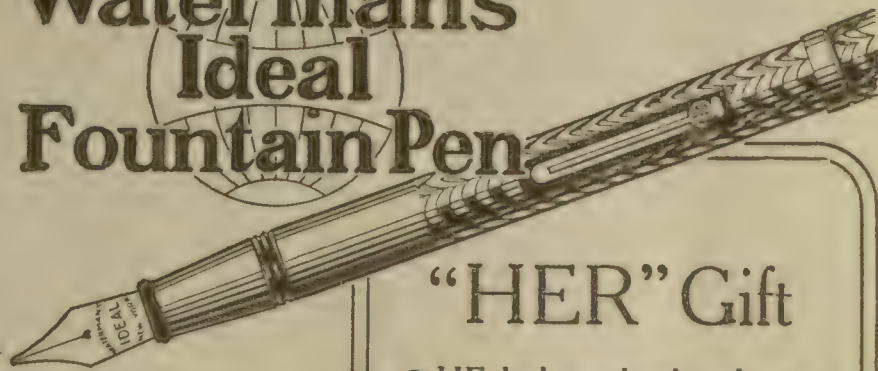
Put them beside any real pearls, or any other artificial pearls, and if they are not equal to the real, or superior to the other artificial pearls, no matter what their price may be, we will refund your money if you return them to us within seven days.

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commended. Of Stationers and Jewellers. Gold Nibs to suit all hands. A copy of "The Pen Book," a charming illustrated brochure, sent free by post on request to:

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FOR GREY HAIR, price 4/6



TATCHO-TONE—FOR GREY HAIR, is the ally of Tatcho, the Hair Grower. It promptly disposes of all appearance of grey-ness. It transforms grey or faded hair to its former natural tone forthwith and in one application.

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FOR
TRIAL
BOTTLE. 8^d.

These two separate dressing-table preparations are supplied by Chemists and Stores everywhere.

LADIES' NEWS.

THE Queen was very cheery, and most appreciative, when she visited the exhibition, at Lady Mond's house, of embroideries done by the men of the War Legion of Disabled Sailors and Soldiers' Guild of Broderers. With her Majesty was Princess Mary, and Lady Ampthill was in attendance. The Marchioness of Titchfield was present, and from her the Queen bought a beautiful big work-bag in old dull brocade on which were shields of appliqué embroidery in beautiful old colours. It was a faithful copy of one brought by Lady Titchfield from Spain. A blue-and-gold cushion cover, a small black-and-gold hand-bag, and a cushion of Italian ribbed appliqué were also purchased by the Queen. Nothing escaped the royal visitor's notice; even the charming steel-and-silver embroidery on a black satin dress worn by Miss Shorter, who superintends the work-rooms of the Guild, in Duke Street, Manchester Square—which embroidery was done by the men—was admired. Little gold lucky pigs on cards for Christmas wishes attracted her Majesty, and two were ordered. Princess Mary was lost in admiration of the blotters. The Marchioness of Londonderry, out of whose Women's Legion for war work the Guild is a peace-time branch, was unable to be present, as she does not come down from Wynyard until the end of the month. Her work through the war has told upon her health, and as much quiet and rest and outdoor exercise as possible are necessary for her restoration to normal physical well-being. Lord Londonderry paid an early visit to the Exhibition, and much work has been done for him, for Lady Londonderry, and for their town and country houses. This kind of embroidery cannot be purchased elsewhere, as it is copied from exclusive models brought from palaces and great houses in Spain, Italy, France, and Persia.

This is a season for velvet; also it is a season for colour. Therefore, Liberty's famous velveteens are in greater favour than ever. They have the softness, richness, and closeness of pile of finest velvet, and are far more durable. As to the colours, there is every colour that was ever known, and almost every shade of every colour. A choice of a hundred colours and nuances of colour is open to any woman wanting a dress or a coat or a cape, or frocks for little people. Nothing looks as nice, and no material gives such absolute satisfaction. Liberty's house, of world-wide fame, has a unique reputation for wonderful colourings, which is upheld by that of their famous velveteens.

Armistice Day was wonderful, and the spirit in which the solemn ceremonies were taken united once

again all ranks in a great thankfulness for the grand spirit vouchsafed to the ordinary, peaceably-disposed British man, making him so splendid a warrior for his King, country, and for freedom. It was the



A LOVELY NUTRIA COAT.

Made of fine quality nutria, this coat, which comes from Burberrys, with its big shawl collar and turned-back cuffs, is an ideal wrap for chilly days. It is lined throughout with Burberry silk.

King's own thought to be attended only by two equerries, and to place a big "Victor" wreath of laurels garlanded round with red British roses on the Cenotaph, and a smaller replica of it on the coffin of our "Unknown Warrior." The Great Silence of two minutes was most impressive, and in it much most wholesome thought and prayer must have been condensed. Did anyone, I wonder, try to imagine what such a celebration would have been like in Germany had the Allies surrendered? There it would have been the glorification of greatness and might. The lowly and unknown whose part in victory was equal with any would have been passed over in Teutonic celebrations. May their defeat bring them to a better mentality and a gentler religion!

A very pretty wedding was that of Mr. Cecil Brassey and the Hon. Ivy Spencer. What is striking about weddings is the youth of the parents of the bride and bridegroom. Mr. Leonard and Lady Violet Brassey looked the part of parents of the little trainbearer, Miss Mary Brassey, much more than of her brother, the bridegroom. Everyone was glad to see Canon Edgar Sheppard officiating. He fell down some stairs and fractured the small bone in his leg, and has been on his back for eight weeks. In Court circles, where he is loved by all, he is known as the "gentle Sheppard"—quite naturally so, for his is a gentle, genial nature, which it makes one feel good just to come in contact with.

It may quite safely be said that furs make for the happiness as well as the comfort of womankind. She knows that she looks her best in them, and when looking her best, a woman is at her best. There is a fine choice of beautiful furs at Burberrys' famous house in the Haymarket. This farseeing firm realised early what their customers would desire, and that the demand for furs would be specially great this winter. Accordingly, they collected a vast assortment of superb skins of which their numerous clients now have full advantage. A booklet, remarkably well illustrated, showing the forms taken by this beautiful peltry under the skilled designers for Burberrys, is now available on application to the firm by post-card. Accompanying is an illustration of a beautiful Burberry nutria coat, with a cosy, smart shawl collar and turned-back cuffs. It is lined throughout with the beautiful silk of the house, and is one of numerous smart models of wraps and coats, scarves and stoles and capes, made of the finest-quality furs. Also there are fine fur-trimmed coats for men, women and boys. All these form an always good field for choice of Christmas presents.

A. E. L.

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Adherent and unobtrusive, it gives the complexion a velvet softness and fragrant attractiveness.

10d. & 1/6 per Box. Powder Leaf Books, 7½d. each.

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Phūl-Nānā Toilet Soap, 1/- and 1/9 per tablet;
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Toilet Water, 8/6; Shampoo Powders, 3d. each;
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Other Perfumes in Grossmith's Oriental Series are:—
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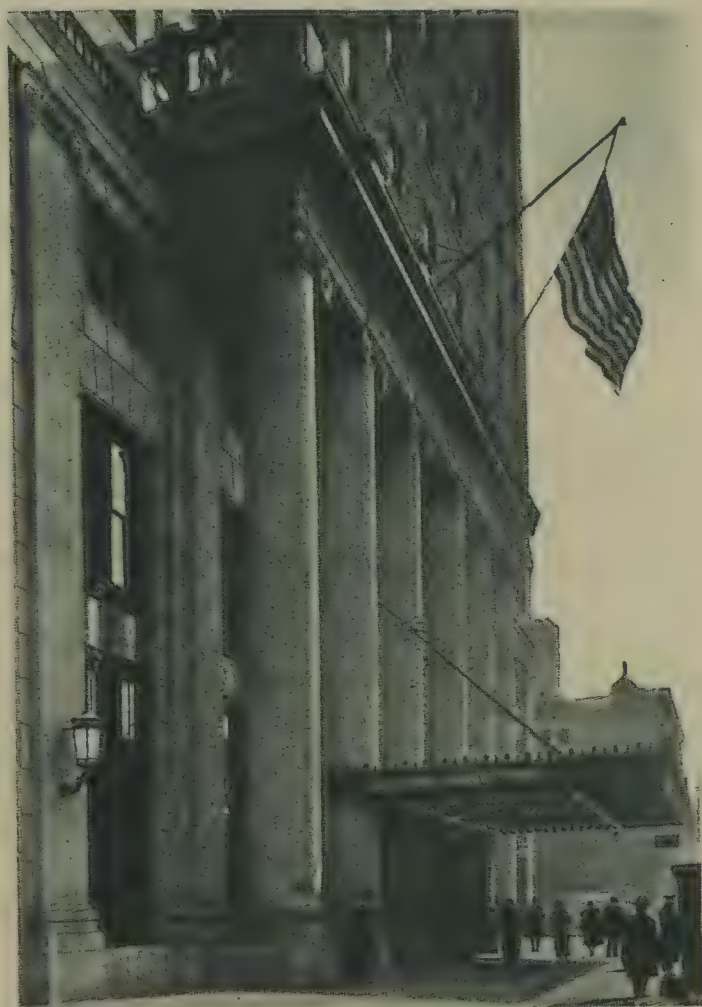
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Full information and descriptive literature can be obtained at the Statler Hotel Bureau, Craven House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Bookings can also be arranged through any of the offices of Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son; or by letter or cable sent

direct to the Hotel. A wireless message from your ship secures reservations, if you have not written or wired earlier. Requests for rooms on arrival of a certain steamer need not give exact date—room is only charged for from date of occupancy.

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450 Rooms—each with a private bathroom
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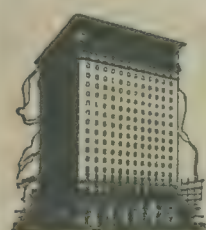
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The wonder city of the Great Lakes, occupying 17 miles of frontage upon the beautiful Lake Erie. More than one half the population of the U.S. live within 500 miles of Cleveland. Now leads all other communities in the manufacture of hardware.

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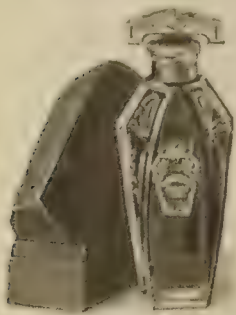


650 Rooms—each with a private bathroom
With bank resources of more than \$700,000,000 and a volume of trade exceeding \$1,500,000,000 in 1919, St. Louis justly claims to be the largest distributing centre in the United States. It is in the very midst of the corn and wheat Belt—the "Bread Basket of the World."

Hotels Statler

GIFTS OF FRAGRANT CHARM.

THE refinements of life, which women for patriotic reasons cut down largely during the strain and stress of war, are now once more admissible. None are in such favour as the delightful toilet requisites of the Erasmic Company.



A PERFUME IN HANDSOME CASE: "LES DEMOISELLES." Erasmic Company.

In war time everyone wanted some of them; now all of us want all of them. They include the superfine soap put up daintily in handsome boxes and scented delicately with La Reine d'Egypte, the Elite Erasmic soap, the Herb soap, or those of any other of the numerous and exquisite Erasmic series. One of these celebrated and delicious perfumes makes an ever-welcome gift in a lovely bottle and a handsome case. This can be said of any of the preparations of any series, for each one is thoroughly carried out—toilet water, lotion, and powder complete. Men are keenly appreciative of the Erasmic shaving-stick in its neat nickel case. The ordinary bottles of perfume are very charmingly put up, and each is the key to a toilet series—La Reine d'Egypte, Frisson d'Amour, Les Demoiselles, Royal Erasmic, Himalaya Bouquet, or others. The character is full of delicacy, deliciousness, and refinement. The Lavender Water and Eau-de-Cologne Erasmic are also of very fine quality. There is a very large



A DAINTY TOILET SOAP: "SAVON MUGUET." Erasmic Company

field for choice at the show-rooms, 13A, New Bond Street, W.1., but Erasmic preparations are sold at all chemists and stores. As presents they are always welcomed, for recipients like the best, and Erasmic is always that. Each kind of soap has some special characteristic suited to different tastes.

OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Paris, Nov. 8, 1920.

A GREAT deal has been written lately concerning the revision of the Military Service Act in France; even the authors of the three years' training realise that, now the country is at peace again, this is too long a period to ask of any young man at a time when he should be fitting himself for the battle of civil life. The natural thing would seem to be a reduction of the term to two years, but there is undoubtedly a large section of the public who consider a sufficient period to devote to training with the colours. For some weeks past, a controversy has raged round this point in the columns of the Press: statesmen, distinguished generals, politicians, and patriots of all classes have put forward their views in a series of extremely interesting and illuminating articles. M. Lefebvre, the War Minister, whose duty it will be to bring the matter up for discussion when the Chamber reassembles next week, makes no secret of the fact that he considers two years the minimum period of training, and has even declared that he will resign his office if the partisans of the eighteen months' term are victorious in the division lobby. In the meantime, a distinguished French General, whose opinion carries great weight with the public, in the course of an extremely interesting letter to the Press argues that twelve months is long enough, provided that the period is strictly devoted to instruction in one special branch of the Service, as against the general training now in force. There is, of course, a great deal to be said in favour of specialising, and it is being done more and more in every profession, but whether such a system would be successful with the raw material of a recruit in such a highly technical

profession as the Army, it is for the experts to decide. The whole question of military training is one of vital importance to France, and one which, despite the League of Nations, she cannot afford to disregard.

A "Poilu" for Paris.

Some months ago the Municipality of Paris invited French sculptors to submit designs for a statue which was to be symbolical of the "Poilu" as the deliverer of his country. The choice has fallen on a very beautiful and simple design, the work of M. Jean Boucher, of the Beaux Arts, who served as a private soldier during the war. M. Boucher has



CONDUCTING A CHARITY IN WHICH THE DUKE OF YORK TAKES MUCH INTEREST, THE ORGANISING COMMITTEE OF THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN FUND. The Duke of York arranged to preside at a dinner at the Connaught Rooms, on November 16, in aid of the Queen's Hospital for Children Fund. In this group of the organising committee the names are (from right to left, beginning with the second figure from the right): Lady Newnes, Lady Edward Hulton, the Duchess of Somerset (in the chair), Lord William Cecil, Mrs. Brough, and Mrs. Roscoe Brunner.

drawn his inspiration from his comrades of the trenches, and has evolved a splendid type of the simple, strong, tenacious soldier to whose almost super-human powers of endurance this country owes her salvation. Future generations gazing at this great bronze figure on the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville will be able to visualise the spirit of France during the great world-struggle, and understand in a measure why the Huns were vanquished. One hesitates to suggest another statue in our already overcrowded City of London, but, since a space has been found to erect a monument to the memory of a noble woman who

(Continued overleaf.)

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For Chapped Rough Skin

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The styles are smart, but never obtrusive—the quality appeals to those who appreciate the good things of life.

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A few drops in gravies, stews,
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new and delightful food flavours.

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The Original
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With ordinary care ICY-HOTS will last a lifetime.
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BUILT FOR LIFETIME SERVICE
A heavy coiled spring and pad protect the glass filler against breakage.
Easily cleaned; absolutely sanitary.

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Where will you find another brand of Woollen Underwear whose makers are so ready to tell you *everything* concerning it, to bid you come and see how and where and just from what it's made?

Where will you find Underwear with such a record, such a reputation, such a convincing weight of varied endorsement, such a *generously interpreted Guarantee* against shrinkage?

Where will you find another brand of Woollen Underwear offering you such all-round Value in Comfort, Health - protection, Service?
... WHERE?

WOLSEY

The Best the World Produces

Wolsey Pure Wool Underwear is available in a vast range of sizes, weights and qualities for men, women and children, and *Special Sizes* will be made to order. Should you have any difficulty in obtaining Wolsey Underwear a post-card to the manufacturers will bring address of nearest retailer.



WOLSEY LTD LEICESTER

(Continued.)

gave her life to save her countrymen, would it not be possible also to commemorate the sacrifice of our soldiers, as our Ally has done, by a simple statue to be a symbol for all time of the spirit of heroism?

Paul Dardé
Again.

There is at the present moment an exhibition being held in the Tuileries Gardens of drawings by

young artists, known as "Les Jeunes," which is of special interest from the fact that Paul Dardé, the young shepherd sculptor who achieved sudden fame by his exhibits in the last Salon, is one of them, and contributes some of his earliest drawings and sculptures to this collection. There is a directness and force about these sketches, some of which were made on scraps of rough paper while guarding his father's sheep, and in others a simplicity which is very striking. The firmness of touch, the decision in every line, and, above all, the breadth of vision which is evident in all of them, would seem to indicate a striving after the great things of life. Here also are to be seen again both the "Faune" and the "Eternelle Douleur" of the Salon, both of which are conceived and executed on an immense scale. The life of the mountains, with its illimitable boundaries of sky and earth, would seem to have entered into the very soul of this young artist.

"Gyp" Still
Writing.

A short time
ago I found
myself being

carried off by a friend to make the acquaintance of that venerable writer of books who, under the sobriquet of "Gyp," has delighted a large circle of readers for more than a quarter of a century. In a lovely old house on the outskirts of Paris, a vivacious little old lady, dressed in the flowing black garments of a bygone fashion, her grey curls straying from under a black "mob" cap of the pattern worn by Marie

Antoinette in the Temple prison, received us with an old-world courtesy impossible to describe. Here, in an atmosphere redolent of culture in the best sense of the term, and surrounded by portraits of ancestors whose privilege it was to guard their Sovereigns through the ages, this remarkable little lady is the centre of an admiring circle which gathers each week to discuss the latest developments in the world of

originally brought back from Russia by an enterprising ancestor. Mme. "Gyp" is pleased with the reception in England of her latest book, "Le Monde à Côté," and seems flattered at the prospect of its translation in the near future. Every author has his own method of writing. "Gyp" favours the early hours of the morning, and is often at work by 4 a.m., writing steadily until the hour of *déjeuner* at 12.



THE GREAT SILENCE IN THE CITY OF LONDON: OUTSIDE THE MANSION HOUSE.

The photograph illustrates the Two Minutes' Silence on Armistice Day, outside the Mansion House, and shows the Royal Exchange in the background and the Bank of England on the left. Never before was such a great crowd in this particular place. Before the Silence, the people sang "Lead, Kindly Light," "Rock of Ages," and "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Then came the pause. The "Last Post" followed; then a prayer, and, finally, the singing of "O God, our Help in Ages Past," and the National Anthem.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

art, literature, and politics, and to hear her witty comments on the week's doings. Tea—à l'anglaise—is handed round, and with it a mysterious-looking cake, the recipe for which, we are told, has been in our hostess's family for 300 years, having been

the British Law; Mr. A. Rendtorff, Managing Director, Sterling Offices; Mr. P. H. Exell, Manager of the Liverpool, Marine and General; and Mr. D. C. Walker, Manager for Scotland for the Liverpool and London and Globe.

Mr. Hugh Lewis, the newly appointed General Manager and Secretary of the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company, was entertained recently to a complimentary dinner at the Carlton Hotel, by past and present members of the Central Insurance Company Ltd., of which he continues to be the General Manager. Amongst the guests present were: Mr. Joseph Powell, General Manager of the Commercial Union Assurance; Mr. H. Gayford, General Manager of the Northern Assurance; Mr. A. E. Lewis, General Manager of the National Provincial Bank of England; Mr. Archibald Hair, and Capt. G. Lewis, D.F.C. The company numbered about fifty, and included Mr. S. A. Bennett, Assistant General Manager of the Eagle Star and British Dominions, in the chair; Mr. G. M. Wyatt, Manager of the Western Australian; Mr. W. R. Macready, London Manager of the Liverpool and London and Globe; Mr. N. A. Cooper, Organisation Manager of the London Assurance; Mr. A. Brown, Accident Superintendent of the Liverpool and London and Globe; Mr. W. J. Searls, Deputy Assistant London Manager of the Liverpool and London and Globe; Mr. J. C. Cornelius, Manager of

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"It melts in the mouth."

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FOR one week this winter the White City will be the most fascinating place in London. There will be a magnificent display of the art and skill that go to the making of the advertisements and posters which help you and safeguard you in your shopping. Important money prizes will be offered in a great Poster Competition and in other competitions open to all visitors. Among the many attractions which have been arranged will be continuous Cinematograph Shows, Gorgeous Shop-Window Displays, the World's Biggest Lucky Bag, a Great Costume Ball, and the most remarkable mile-long procession of well-known Advertising Characters that London has ever seen. Come and see this great pageant of British Advertising. Keep a date open during the Exhibition Week.

WHITE CITY, SHEPHERD'S BUSH—Nov. 29 to Dec. 4, 1920.
Administrative Offices: 167, Strand, London, W.C.

"The International Advertising Exhibition will fill London with a riot of Colour in the drab November days."

—Daily Paper.

INTERNATIONAL ADVERTISING EXHIBITION

KING'S HEAD Tobacco

The jovial tobaccoist in the quaint village shop; he remembers your taste. "King's Head, Sir—of course; and as sound a smoke as one could have."

There's certain enjoyment in King's Head. It has a flavour rich and full—a flavour that captivates the palate, and makes contented smokers of all who try it.

If you prefer a milder blend, there's

THREE NUNS

Both are sold everywhere—

PACKETS: 1-oz. 1/2; 2-oz. 2/4

TINS - 2-oz. 2/5; 4-oz. 4/8

"Three Nuns" Cigarettes

	10's	20's	50's	100's
Medium	6 ^d	1/-	2/5	4/8
Hand Made	8 ^d	1/4	3/4	6/8

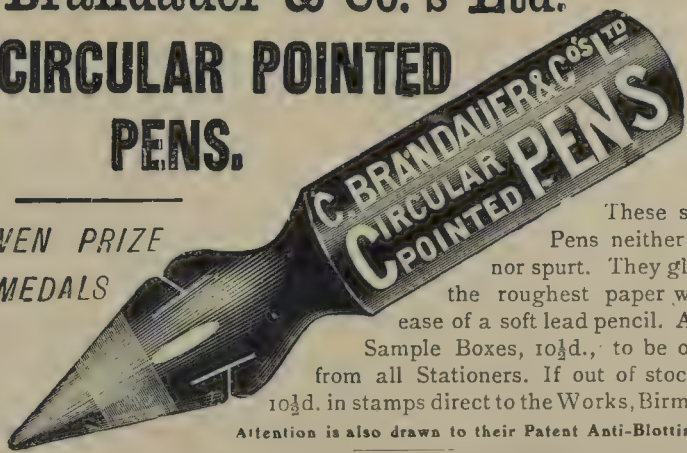
Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited, 36, St. Andrew Square, Glasgow.

686



C. Brandauer & Co.'s Ltd. CIRCULAR POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE
MEDALS



These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 10s. d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 10s. d. in stamps direct to the Works, Birmingham. Attention is also drawn to their Patent Anti-Blotting Series.

London Warehouse: 124, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.

FOR NIGHT AND DAY COUGHS



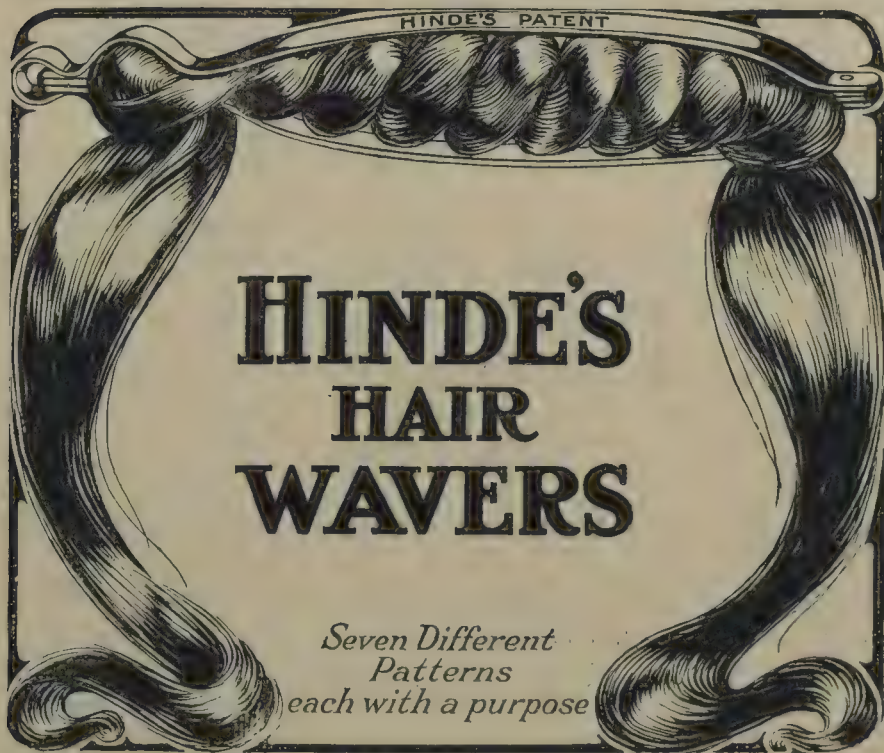
BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Banish sleepless nights and distressing nerve-racking, days due to sore throat and coughing, by taking Brown's Bronchial Troches. They promptly relieve bronchial irritation, tickling in the throat, coughing and hoarseness. Brown's Bronchial Troches are not a confection, but a genuine remedy of finest medicinal properties, containing no opiates or harmful ingredients. Safe for children—a small piece bringing sure relief. Sold in small handy packets that fit the vest pocket, purse, or vanity bag. The troches will not soil gloves or hands.



Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores. Price, 2/6 per box. Sales Agents for the United Kingdom: THE BRITISH HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., LTD., 33, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.1.

HINDE'S HAIR WAVERS



Seven Different
Patterns
each with a purpose

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS.

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

THE old house of Sir Joshua Reynolds in Leicester Square is still dedicated to art. His dining-room on the ground floor of No. 47, where Johnson and Garrick and Goldsmith used to dine, is an auctioneer's office. In the season of picture-sales, shades of artists' dead and gone may look on at the dispersal of their own and later work by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson in Sir Joshua's own studio.

Ancient and modern drawings, the properties of Lady Winifred Renshaw, of the late Lady Walsingham, of Brigadier-General Suart, and others were dispersed here by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on the 10th, and engravings and modern etchings on the 12th inst. A signed Maris, "A View of the Scheldt," rubbed shoulders with Winterhalter's portraits of

making" (7 in. by 10 in.), £136. Three Copley Fieldings, "Arundel Castle," "Landscape with Cattle," and a seascape, averaged £122. From the Benjamin Constant sale in 1902, his signed canvas of "Judith" sold for £65.

Messrs. Christie come into the arena with four sales in the latter half of November, including furniture and porcelain on the 18th, old pictures from the collection of the late Mr. Paul Jean Cells, and other pictures and drawings on the 19th, Chinese porcelain and carvings in hard-stones, and other objects of art on the 23rd, and on the 29th old pictures, the property of the late Lady Somerset, and from other sources.

On the 19th, among the pictures was a Van Ostade interior, with two peasants smoking and drinking, which had a pedigree from 1833; and another was a Jan Steen, "The Effects of Intemperance, or the Dissolute Family," which had been earmarked in collections since 1832, and was mentioned in Smith's "Catalogue Raisonné" and Hofstede de Groot's "Catalogue of Dutch Painters." But in pictures with a reputed pedigree it is *le premier pas qui coûte*.

Turner's "Devil Bridge, St. Gothard," comes from the Allnutt Collection (1854), and the Burnett Collection (1875). It is hall-marked as having been exhibited at Burlington House in 1885 and 1907, and its later record is the Holbrook Gaskell Collection (1909). Whatever its pigmentary worth may be as Turners go nowadays with their rapidly evanishing colours, it claims a better descent from the easel of the painter than many a bearer of arms ratified by the Heralds College can produce in the realm of genealogy.

Chinese *cloisonné* enamels, far preferable to anything Japan ever did, are to be offered by Messrs. Christie on the 23rd inst.

At the Lady Somerset sale on Nov. 29 by Messrs. Christie there is much to be won. Dirk Stoop, that painter of cavaliers *en plein air*, has "A Halt of Cavalry at an Inn Door."

Matsys, Titian, Van de Velde, and Watteau are other names appearing in the catalogue. Another property exhibits Constable as a portrait-painter, with a work

signed and dated 1818, which represents Dr. Wingfield, Canon of Worcester Cathedral—an unusual and curious diversion of our romantic landscape artist. But there is only one Gainsborough in English art.



WITH THE EARTH AND SKY DEMONS: THE THRONE FOR THE GRAND LAMA ADMINISTRATOR OF A TIBETAN TEMPLE.

The throne is of wood, overlaid with hand-wrought copper heavily gilt. On either side of the demon's head seen are figures of the Earth and Sky Demons. Another feature is the introduction of two hands, with the necromantic pointing finger of Mudra. The throne is 21 in. high; 29½ in. wide; and 18 in. deep.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

the Emperor Joseph and the Empress of Austria. A drawing by David Cox, "Travellers and Fisher Folk Crossing Lancaster Sands," brought £100, and "Hay-



SHAPED AS THREE DRAGONS, GUARDIANS OF THE TEMPLE'S WEALTH: AN ORNAMENT FOR THE VESTIBULE OF A TIBETAN TEMPLE.

This ornament, from the Tibetan objects to be sold, with others from China and Japan, at Messrs. Sotheby's, on November 29 and 30, is 3 ft. 8 in. high. It is of gilt copper, with some colouring on the dragons' heads and the skulls.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

Netscher, that glorious exemplar in the art of simulation of silks and satins and brocades, is represented by a portrait of Mar'chal-Duc d'Harcourt.

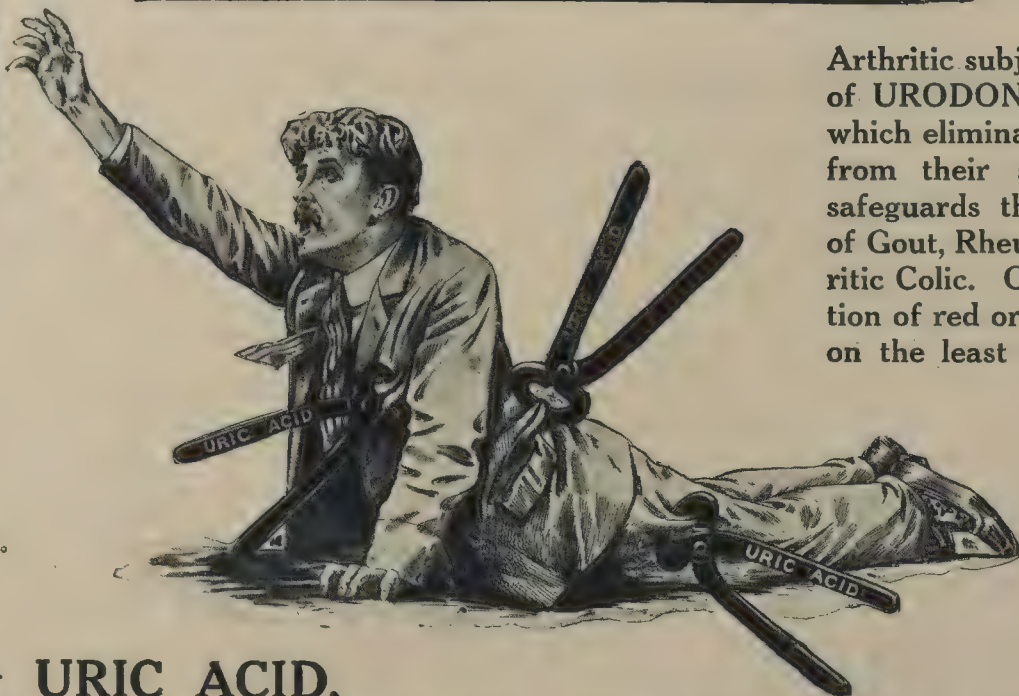
Messrs. Sotheby have a fine collection of Chinese art, of Tibetan Lamaistic objects, and of Japanese books and colour prints to be sold on Nov. 29 and 30. Among the Tibetan objects is a throne for the Grand Lama administrator of a temple. Such an object comes as a new feature into collecting from the innermost recesses of the Far East. The piece marks a point of evolution dependent upon China, relative to India, and co-related to Persia. The symbolism embraces the pointing finger of Mudra, and at the

[Continued overleaf.]

A French Preparation

Officially adopted by the French Government, Public Health Authorities, and Hospitals.

RHEUMATISM.
GOUT.
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CALCULI.
NEURALGIA.
MIGRAINE.
SCIATICA.
ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS.
OBESITY.
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Arthritic subjects take a course of URODONAL every month, which eliminates the Uric Acid from their system, and thus safeguards them from attacks of Gout, Rheumatism, or Nephritic Colic. On the first indication of red or sandy deposits, or on the least painful symptom, stiff joints, etc. URODONAL should at once be resorted to.

Poisoned by URIC ACID,
Tortured with Pain, he can only be relieved by

URODONAL

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The claims made for URODONAL are—that it not only induces the rapid solution of uric acid in the body, but also its complete elimination. These claims are fully supported by the testimony of innumerable investigators who have demonstrated their truth both in laboratory experiment and in clinical experience. The relative value of URODONAL is readily gathered by one precise statement of fact elicited by careful investigation, viz., URODONAL is 37 times more active than lithia as a uric acid solvent. For many years Urodonal has been recognised by the medical profession in

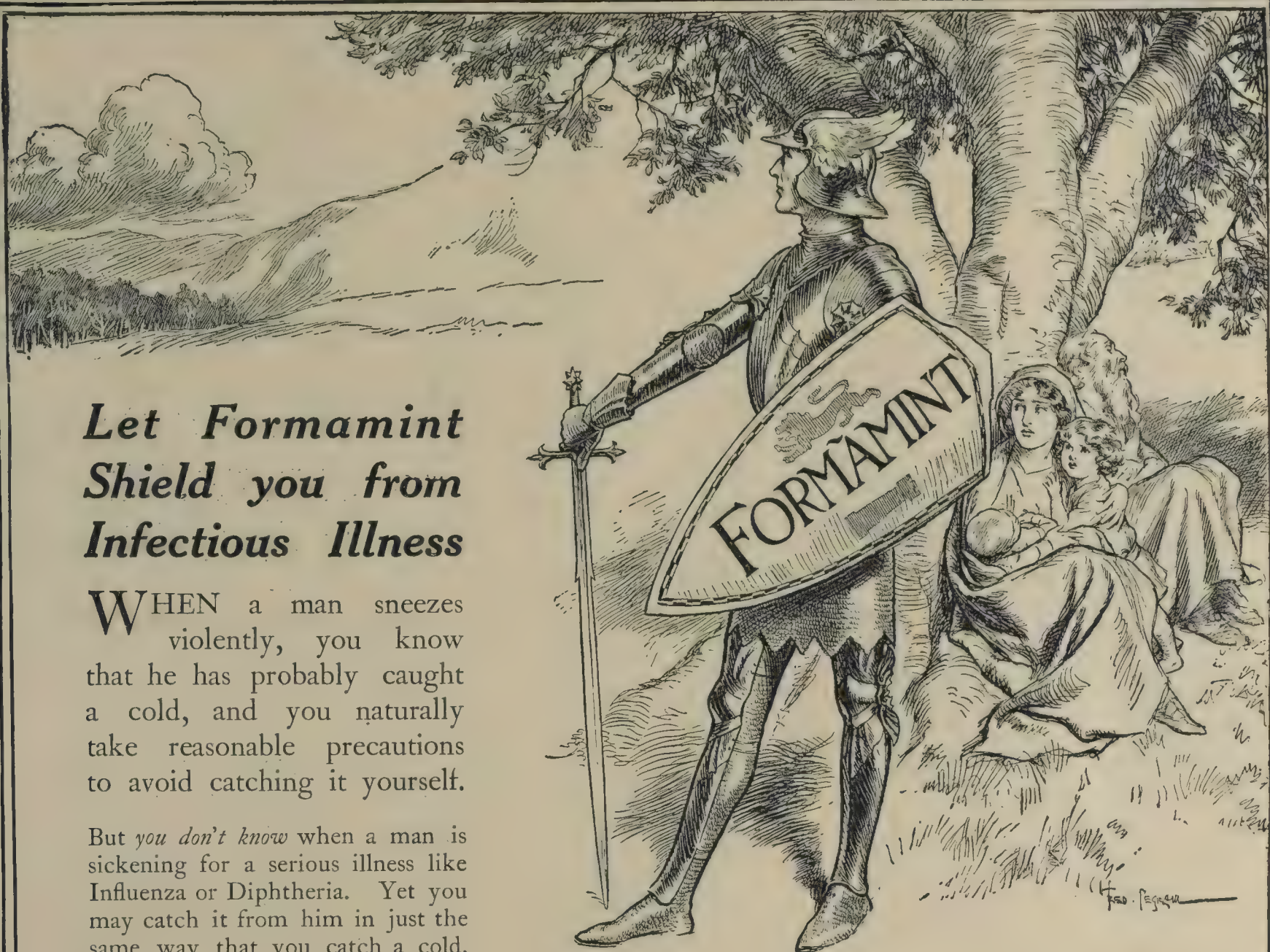
France and other countries as a specific for Gout, Rheumatism, and other Uric Acid Disorders; it now occupies a similar position in Great Britain. Not the least important point in favour of Urodonal is its absolute harmlessness. There are few (if any) agents of like potency of which it can truthfully be said that it may be taken regularly by patients of all ages, suffering from all sorts of disabilities and diseases, without producing any harmful by-effects whatever.

Sufferers from Chronic Rheumatism, Gravel, Gout, Sciatica, Arthritis, Migraine, Nephritis, Biliary Colic, Gouty Eczema, etc., etc., can obtain relief by taking

URODONAL, which will eliminate the uric acid from their system, and thus remove the cause of all their troubles.

URODONAL now possesses a world-wide reputation. Thousands of doctors and millions of patients agree in stating that "Urodonal is to rheumatism what quinine is to fever."

URODONAL, price 12s. Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratories, Paris. Can be obtained from all Chemists and Drug Stores, or direct, post free, 12s. 9d., from the British Agents, HEPPELS, Pharmacists and Foreign Chemists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W.1, from whom can also be had, post free, the full explanatory booklets, "Scientific Remedies," and "Treatise on Diet."



Let Formamint Shield you from Infectious Illness

WHEN a man sneezes violently, you know that he has probably caught a cold, and you naturally take reasonable precautions to avoid catching it yourself.

But *you don't know* when a man is sickening for a serious illness like Influenza or Diphtheria. Yet you may catch it from him in just the same way that you catch a cold. Don't expose your health to unnecessary risks. *Formamint will safeguard you.*

Why You should use Formamint Tablets Daily

Suppose you are in a crowded railway carriage or in any place where all sorts of people are herded together in a stuffy atmosphere. Opposite you, breathing into your face, is a man sickening for an infectious illness. His breath is swarming with disease-germs, which get into your mouth and throat. That man is literally *poisoning* you! The germs he gives you are a kind of poison-fungus invisibly minute—which grows and multiplies in your mouth-cavity, forces its way through the membrane, and pours its poisons into your blood. Then you are laid up with an infectious illness like Influenza or Diphtheria.

You can't stop disease-germs from entering your mouth, but you *can* stop them from poisoning you. To do this, you need only suck a few Formamint Tablets every day. Formamint has the unique property of destroying all disease-germs in your mouth and throat before they can harm you.

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Formamint Tablets are manufactured by the proprietors of Sanatogen, who guarantee them to be the most efficient destroyer of germs in the mouth and throat, and, at the same time, absolutely harmless to the human system. They are pleasantly flavoured, and have a most soothing and refreshing effect on the whole mouth-cavity.

Make a regular habit of taking a few Formamint Tablets every day. It will keep your mouth and throat always hygienically clean, protect your teeth from decay, save you from Sore Throat and similar ailments, and safeguard you against the constant danger of catching diseases like Influenza, Diphtheria, Consumption, Scarlet Fever, Measles, etc. Give your children Formamint, too, for they are frequently exposed to infection at school.

Insist on having Genuine British

FORMAMINT

The Germ-Killing Throat Tablet

With the Red-and-Gold Seal of GENATOSAN, LTD.

"Sealed" Formamint is *real* Formamint—guaranteed to be of maximum strength and in perfect condition—absolutely harmless and 100 per cent. efficient. It is obtainable at all chemists in bottles of 50 tablets, price 2s. 9d.

Remember this next time you are threatened with a Sore Throat, a Cold, or Influenza, etc.—and *take Formamint promptly.*

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Makers of Sanatogen, Genasprin, etc.

12, Chenies Street, London, W.C. 1

A NEW NOVEL.

"Inisheeny."

Nothing damps the spirits of George A. Birmingham, and in these troubled times a witty and amusing writer is more than ever worth his weight in gold. "Inisheeny" (Methuen) will be a refuge to the tired and anxious people who need for an hour or two to forget their difficulties, and who will open it in the expectation of finding their end achieved for them by Canon Hannay's inimitable art. It is a story of an island, and of treasure, of a parson, and a pretty girl, and of those far western shores of Ireland where a magic atmosphere invests the wildest romance with an air of probability. It is comedy broadening into farce, or farce refined into comedy—it would be a nice question to decide which is the more accurate description. Not that it matters. The truth is that "Inisheeny" is a real Birmingham book, full of the most glorious fun, and shot with silken threads of insight and laughing philosophy. Perhaps—though it may seem rather a weighty consideration to attach to such a fairy fabric—"Inisheeny" may carry to its English readers a vision of Irishmen that will serve a good purpose at the present hour. No one, certainly, can read about the Flanagans of the island, that race of courteous and diplomatic gentlemen who were to the outward eye only poor peasants and fisherfolk, without gaining by his contact with George Birmingham's interpretation of them. And, although most people will read it just for its easy humour, we feel that it will leave

something more than the delightful memory of two hundred pleasant pages behind it.

Medical authorities have lately drawn attention to the shortage of vitamine-bearing fat foods, and its disastrous effect on the health and physique of the people, especially growing children. Professor H. E. Armstrong and Dr. C. W. Saleeby have pointed out the great importance of beef suet as one of the most nourishing of fats, and strongly recommend the old-fashioned suet pudding for young people. The fats which it contains, we are told, help to protect the body against infection, notably by tuberculosis, and tend to prevent rickets in children. In the light of this advice, a food such as Hugon's "Atona" refined beef suet can claim to be of high value as an article of national diet. It is made by Messrs. Hugon and Co., Ltd., Ogden Lane, Openshaw, Manchester.

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(Continued.) same time it includes four of the eight emblems of the Buddhist symbols of Happy Augury: the Wheel, the Fish, the Umbrella, and the Endless Knot, (*les entrailles*). It is almost Italianate in conception, and offers food for thought as to the origin of its design. It might, in regard to its form, be a seat of one of the Doges of Venice.

An ornament for the vestibule of a temple invites speculation concerning the claw-and-ball feet imported by the Dutch designers from Java, and introduced into England in the reign of Anne. But here are the claw-and-ball feet, not "from far Cathay," but from farther Tibet. The surprising relationships of Assyrian, Persian, Greek, and Roman ornament, sometimes punctuated by discoveries of Aztec and early Mexican triumphs, or again finding itself duplicated across the earth at Ashanti, come as enigmas to the student of evolution in form. Most certainly the Tibetan throne for the Grand Lama in a secretly guarded and isolated community has an affinity to the Italian *cassoni* of the fifteenth century. Why this is so we cannot affirm. It may be that Jesuits penetrated into Tibet, as we know they did into China. These are possible explanations; but there is the idea that man as a whole is influenced by inspiration from elsewhere which is illimitable and indeterminate, and produces ideas which are transmitted simultaneously to receptive genius. There is the germ theory of epidemic visitations which sweep across continents, but in regard to the germ of thought man stands ignorantly abashed.

CLEAR YOUR
COMPLEXIONWITH
CUTICURA
SOAP

This fragrant super-creamy emollient for cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and complexion tends to promote and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health if used for every-day toilet purposes. Largest selling complexion and skin soap in the world. Sold everywhere.

Cuticura Toilet Trio

Consisting of Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify, Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal, and Cuticura Talcum to powder and perfume. Sold throughout the Empire. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, E.C. 1.

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

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RED
WHITE
& BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

COLGATE'S
SHAVING STICK

"After years of experience, the Proprietress of this up-to-date Shop has decided to use only Colgate's Shaving Stick. Customers may therefore rely on having an easy, rapid, and comfortable shave.

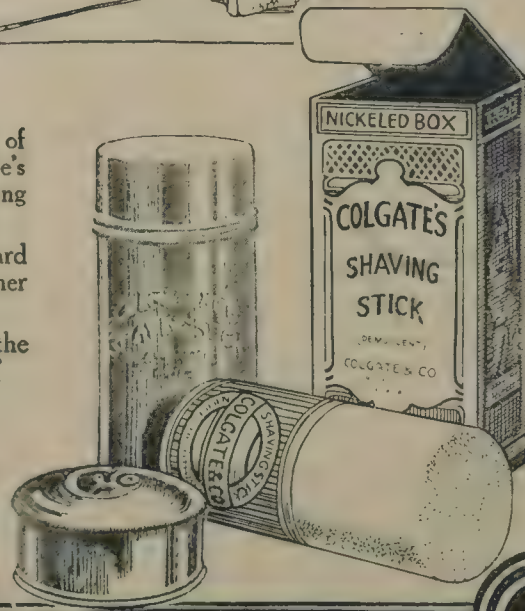
Gentlemen will find that the most stubborn beard offers not the least resistance to the razor when the lather is a Colgate lather.

The Proprietress hopes by continued attention to the comfort of patrons to merit the favour of your support."

Sold Everywhere, in handsome nickel box, price 1/3.

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"As Neat as Wax"

is the home where Johnson's Prepared Wax is used upon furniture, woodwork, floors and linoleum. It rejuvenates the finish and gives an air of immaculate cleanliness, is the ideal polish, and does more than merely polish—it protects with a satin-smooth, transparent coating. It does not show finger-prints—dust cannot adhere to it.

JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

Paste—Liquid—Powdered

saves much of the time spent in mopping and cleaning. It preserves the colour and finish of linoleum and makes daily cleaning unnecessary.

Johnson's Paste Wax—for polishing floors of all kinds—wood, linoleum, tile, marble, etc., in 6d., 1/6, 2/-, 2/6, 4/-, 8/-, & 14/6 sizes.

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Send 6d. for a trial size of Johnson's Prepared Wax Paste.



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Burberry Fur Coat.

A handsome double-breasted Fleece Coat with Beaver collar and Musquash lining. A warm and protective model for travel or general use.

BURBERRY Fur Coats not only represent the highest market value, but in luxury, distinction and good service are the most distinctive accessories of fashion that have ever been available for the purpose of either adornment or comfort.

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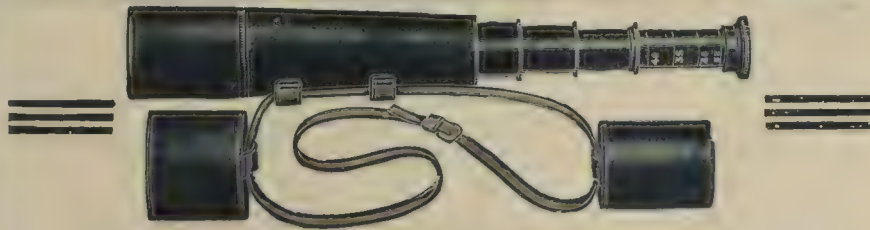
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is made by exactly the same process as the best Vintage Champagnes, and is not artificially aerated like many cheap Sparkling Wines.

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For Game Shooting, Deerstalking, Astronomical, Marine and General Use.

THE "TARGET."

A Portable Telescope with Pancratic Eye-piece. The magnifying powers obtainable by means of the Pancratic Eye-piece are 25, 30, 35 and 40 diameters. It has a 2 1/2 in. Object-Glass, Leather-covered Body Caps, and Sling. Closes to 11 in. Price £8 10s. Carriage Free.



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(Patent No. 1244)

Such an experienced player as John Roberts, who played on practically every kind of billiard table, wrote the following testimonial:

"I consider Riley's Patent Pocket the best yet invented. The life of the cloth is much lengthened."

THIS WAS THE OPINION OF ONE OF ENGLAND'S GREATEST PLAYERS.

Advantages of the 'Riley' Pocket

Balls are more easily and quickly removed.

Games take less time.

Wearing of billiard cloth at corners obviated.

Never out of order.

Improves the appearance of table.

When Riley Patent Pockets are fitted to your table, it becomes impossible to remove the ball from the pocket except in the manner shown above. This eliminates the constant wear of the cloth, which is caused by hand and coat sleeve when taking the ball out from the top.

Consider the many advantages of Riley's Patent Pockets, and have them fitted to your table. Write to-day for price and full particulars.

Billiard Tables of every description are always in stock. Estimates are sent free for Riley's "Championship" Cushions—which can be fitted to any billiard table—or for any repairs your present table may require.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., HAMILTON WORKS, ACCRINGTON.

London Showroom: 147, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The End of the Show.

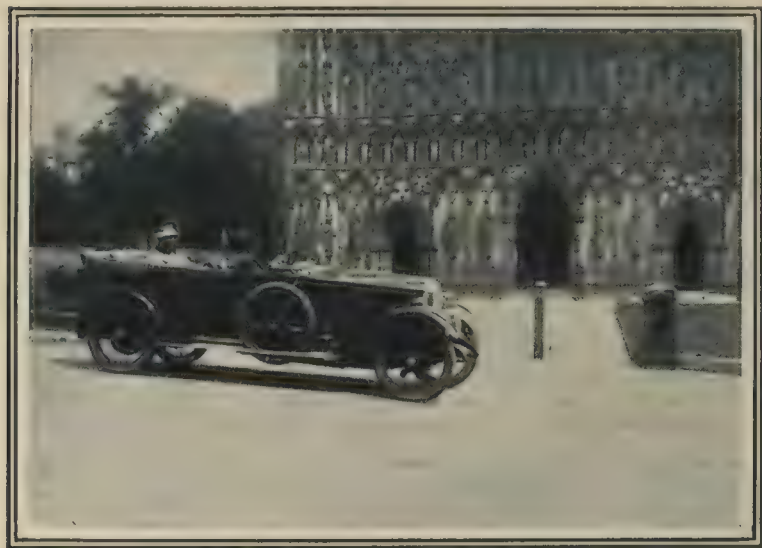
The fourteenth annual Motor Show has now passed into the chronicle of the things that have been, and it is thus possible to look back and endeavour to envisage its main features, and the lessons, if any, to be learnt from them. If one thing

seventeen miles or twenty-five on a gallon. Now that it costs over four shillings, the case is different indeed, and a matter of seven or ten miles per gallon between one car and another is absolutely conclusive. Again, oil used to cost about four shillings a gallon, but now in small lots the price is nearer ten shillings, and it makes quite a difference in the year's costs whether we do seven hundred miles or only two hundred to the gallon. Taxation, too, has its effect. The small car pays next year anything from £9 to £12; while the moment we get into the 20-h.p. class it means the tax is doubled or even more. One way and another, it is becoming a question of owning a small car or none at all. Now that the efficiency of the "eleven-point-nine" has been developed to the point at which it will do all that the more ambitious car of nearly twice its rating will do, and at little more than half the running cost, people are going in for these small vehicles more than ever, and, what is more, are getting such satisfaction from their use that they wonder they have not done it before.

the other hand, there are some that I would not even look at twice, and which impress one as being pathetic attempts on the part of those ignorant of design to produce something that will sell at a few pounds less than the others. For obvious reasons, I do not intend specifically to indicate these. The reader who has visited the Show will have seen them and will know those I have in mind.

Among the light cars I should single out for special mention the Morris-Oxford, which I think is probably the best of its class. Its makers, too, give the purchaser the alternative of taking the car with or without the electrical engine-starter. The Morris-Oxford has this auxiliary; while the Morris-Cowley has not, and sells at £35 less. Then there are such cars as the Bean, the Swift, the Standard, the Calcott, and the Calthorpe, which all come into the class and sell at a moderate price. There are others of the rating, but they are rather put out of court by the price. For example, I do not agree with the policy which has led to the adding of a fourth speed and other alterations, admittedly improvements, to such a car as the 11.9 Beardmore. Last year this fine little car was listed at £425 as a two-seater. With the improvements to which I have referred, it now, I believe, costs no less than £750. Of course, it is a really beautiful

[Continued overleaf]



SHOWING WELL THE LINES OF THE KINGTON BODY: A 25-H.P. VAUXHALL OUTSIDE LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

stands out more than another, I think it is that the future of motoring lies mainly with the small car of not more than 15.9 rating. I agree that the "fifteen-point-nine" is not exactly within the scope of the "small" classes, but it is, nevertheless, not a big one, and most people would regard it as being even below what is properly known as medium-powered. Of course, there will always be a wide market for the larger cars of the best marks, but they will confine their appeal to people who are well blessed with this world's goods, and who do not mind what the upkeep of the car costs. The market for the big low-priced car has, I think, more or less gone. In the past we bought the "twenties" because nothing of less rating would do what we wanted, and because there was not any vital difference in the cost of running and upkeep when they were compared with their smaller sisters. When petrol cost little more than a shilling a gallon, it really did not matter much whether we travelled

Some of the Light Class.

During the run of the Show I made a point of examining the light cars with more than usual care, and the conclusion inevitably reached is that they represent the most improved of all the types. There is more real advance shown than in any of the bigger classes. Nor is there one of them that I would say it was unsafe to buy from the point of view of correctness of design, care in construction, and all-round excellence. In saying this, I expressly desire to exclude vehicles of the cycle-car class. Among these latter there are some undoubtedly good ones; but, on



A WELL-KNOWN CAR AT A HISTORIC SPOT: AN AUSTIN "TWENTY" OUTSIDE TEWKESBURY ABBEY.

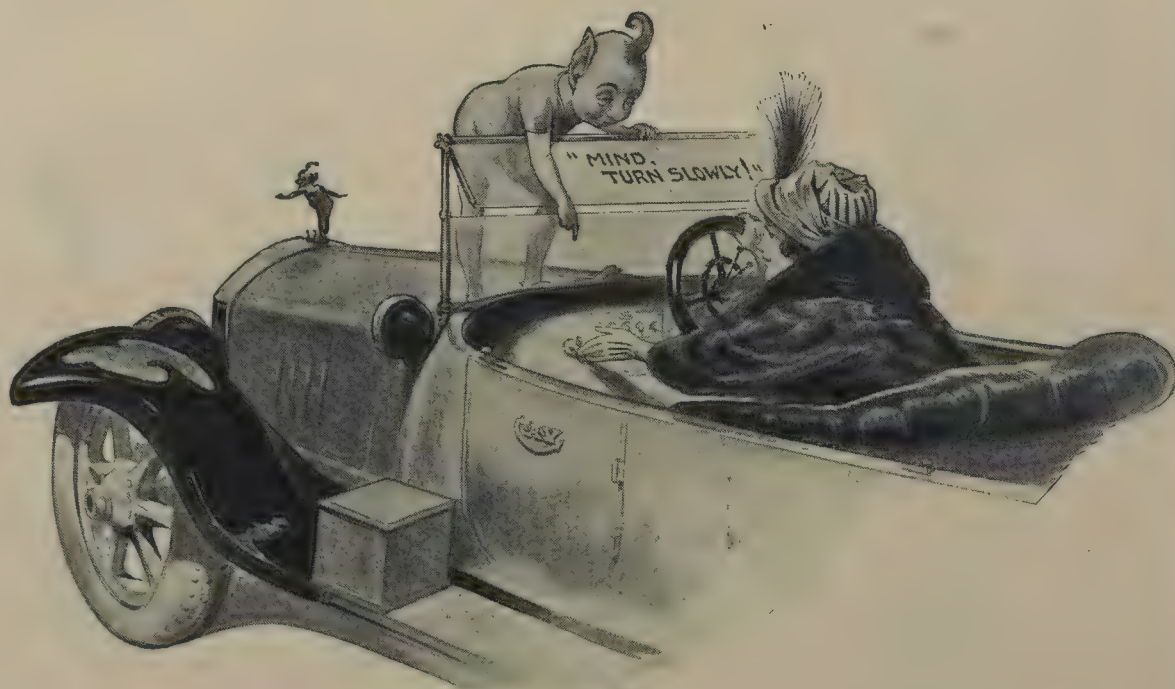
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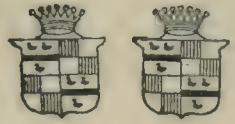
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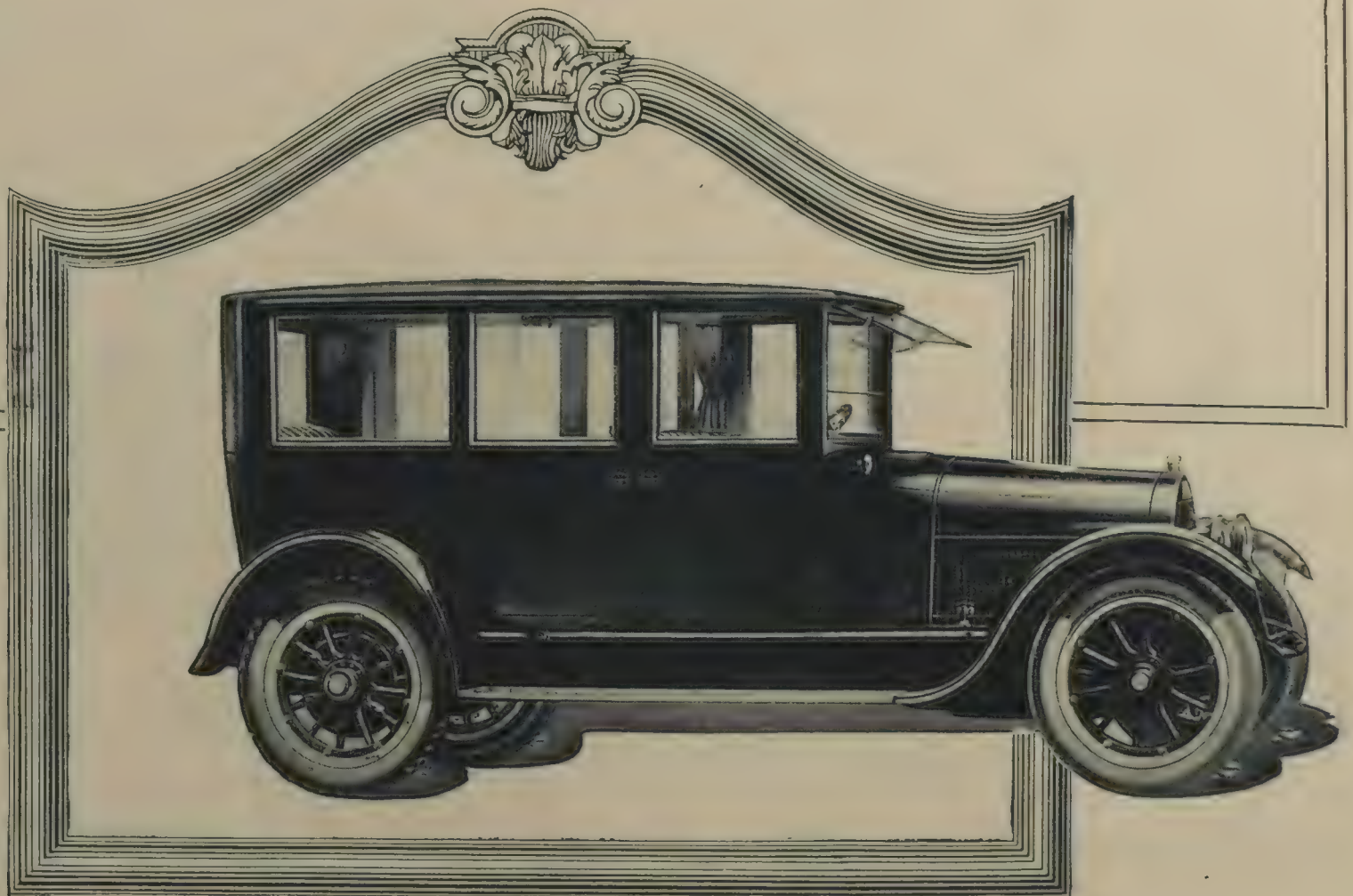
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Continued.

car—as it ought to be at the price; but the essential point seems to be that one can get as good a car intrinsically, but with more power and seating accommodation, for the same money. It seems to me that the car in the small class must not be too refined, or its cost will defeat it in competition with others not so far developed, but quite as efficient. Still, these are matters for the manufacturer to decide for himself. I am simply endeavouring to regard the matter from the standpoint of the probable purchaser to whom every £50 is a matter for serious thought.

Lodge Specialities. The Lodge sparking-plug exhibit at Olympia, comprising the most complete range of sparking-plugs for all types of internal-combustion engines, showed in a concrete way the successful efforts made by the Lodge Company to solve the present-day plug problems, which are a good deal severer than most people realise, owing principally to the higher engine speed and greater engine efficiency of the modern cars. This Company's unique experience during the war with the ignition problems affecting aero and other modern high-efficiency petrol engines, has made the

Lodge plug more of a favourite than ever. A particular difficulty, which is apt to be overlooked sometimes, is that resulting from the lower-quality fuel which is now being used. With present-day fuel many engines are prone to soot the plugs, while increased lubrication is also often necessary, again to the detriment of the plug. The Lodge plug is a really detachable plug, which means it can not only easily be taken to pieces and soot and oil deposits thoroughly cleaned away, but it can as easily and accurately be re-assembled in a perfectly gas-tight manner by the use of an ordinary spanner and without any special skill or experience being necessary. In addition to the standard detachable models, there was shown the well-known Lodge "Weatherproof" plug, in which the connection between the insulated terminal and plug body is now made by a new method which, while being simplicity itself, puts involuntary disconnection due to vibration quite out of the question. The latest model Lodge "Priming" plug, which enables a small quantity of petrol to be injected through the plug into the cylinder, facilitating easy starting, is a great boon in cold weather.

For American cars there is a range of Lodge plugs with specially designed insulators formed particularly to withstand excessively oily conditions, under which many American engines require to be run.—W. W.

Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, is immensely interested in the big Empire Fair for Dr. Barnardo's Homes which is to take place in the Albert Hall on the 15th and 16th of next month. Her Royal Highness is, of course, as a President, ornamental; highly so; nature arranged that! Also, she is a worker for success, and puts herself into the schemes she undertakes with all her heart. There are to be fifty-three stalls, every article on every one of them a gift to the cause. It is no idle name, "Empire," for this Bazaar, since Dr. Barnardo's Homes are an asset of immense value to the Empire. They make destitute boys into grand fighting men, and worse than homeless girls into self-respecting and respectable wage-earners. Lady Wilson, wife of Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, is to be head of the Army stall. Lady Beatty heads the Navy stall, and the Countess of Limerick that for the Air Service.



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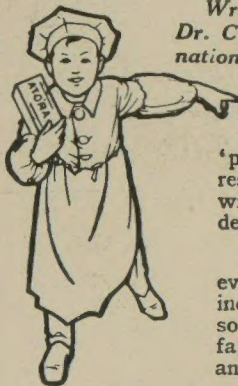


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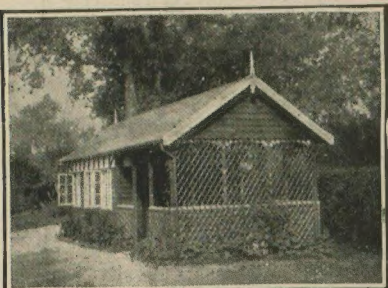


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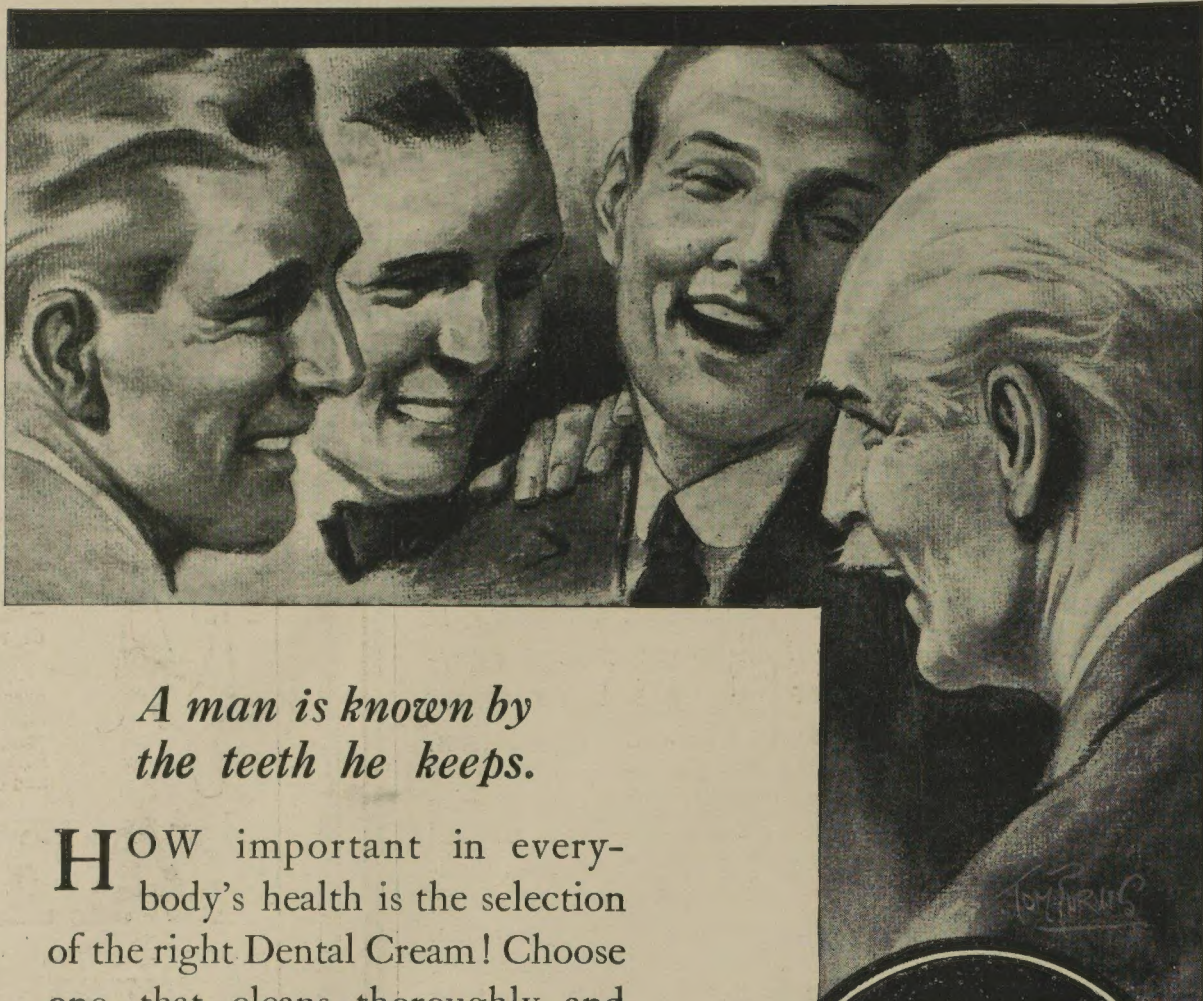


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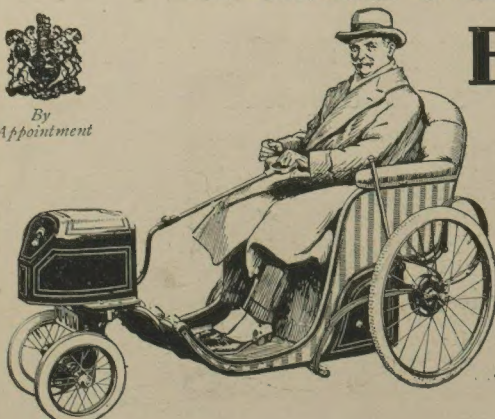
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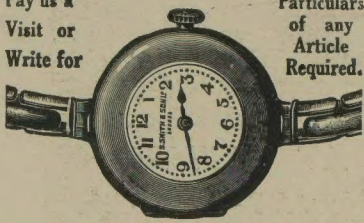
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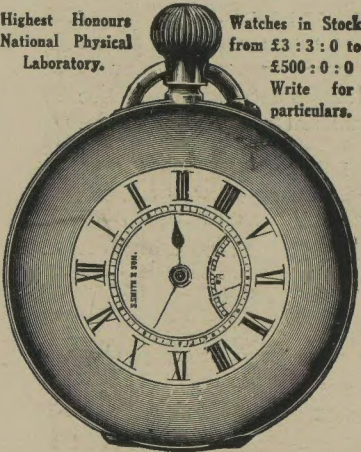
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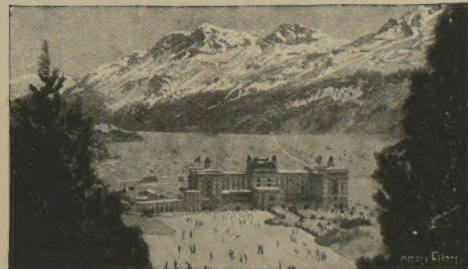
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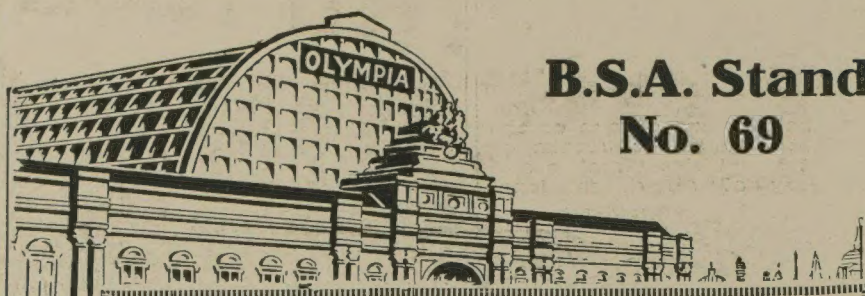
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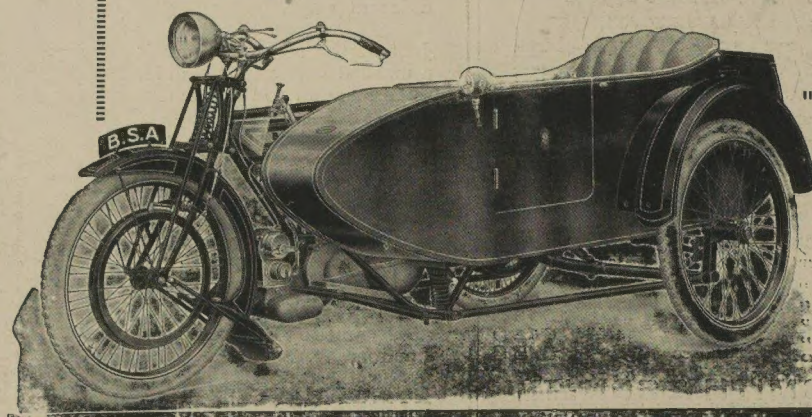
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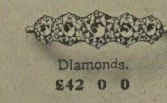
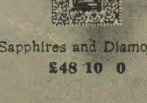
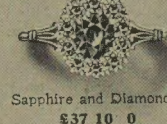
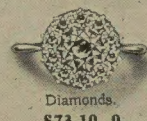
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